THE SURVEY

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The Gist of It

JUNE is a month of swift review, for pupils who face tests and examinations, for parents and teachers who look back over the new opportunities, the gains and the difficulties of the closing school year. Survey Graphic has gathered together for this June number a sheaf of reports of interesting adventures in the school field—wider horizons for country girls, week-end schools for grown-ups, a progressive school run by a group of young parents, the round-the-world log of a social-work teacher, a realistic approach to the study and teaching of law. Here, widely scattered in subject and location, are instances of how education is turning fresh pages, filled with hope and eager interest.

A FEW years of sub-standard country school, a few drudging years "jes' stayin' home," an early marriage and the establishment of a home as meager as that of her parents—this is the childhood and youth of many a rural girl in this country, particularly in the South, and the explanation of the narrowness and ignorance of many rural communities. The Southern Woman's Educational Alliance has been one of the pioneer agencies in studying the problems of the young girl in country districts, and in trying to work out for her an adequate program of vocational guidance and education. On page 219, LORINE PRUETTE, psychologist and educator, reviews some of the studies recently carried out by the Alliance, under the direction of O. Latham Hatcher, and points out their significance in terms of individual and community life.

FOR the sake of her small son and daughter, ADELAIDE NICHOLS, formerly a New York City teacher, has for several years carried on a "play school" in the nursery and the big sunny yard of her Connecticut home. It is as a parent and teacher that she assays (page 222) the experience of a group of her friends and neighbors in organizing and carrying on a free experimental school.

"I'VE been adviser to foreign students for fifteen years," writes MARGARET LEAL of the New York School of Social Work, "and I finally fulfilled a pet desire to seek them out for some return advice. Going to see students on a leave of absence from school is the sort of thing a street car conductor on a holiday is always accused of doing." Her round-the-world adventures among her students Miss Leal reports, in prose and jolly verse, on page 224.

HOW the study and the administration of the law is being fertilized by the viewpoints and the research techniques of a great university, through the recently organized Institute of Law at Johns Hopkins, is told, page 230. MABEL L. WALKER, a graduate of Barnard College, is now studying in the Political Economy Department of Johns Hopkins, where she will receive her doctorate this month.

SURVEY readers will remember an earlier account of the adult education project in Tulare, California, the current developments of which are described in page 231. HUBERT PHILLIPS is dean of the School of Liberal Arts at the State Teachers College, Fresno, California, and has been from its beginning, several years ago, in close touch with the Tulare program.

WHEN, last fall, President Hoover organized the National Business Survey Conference, he called to its chairmanship his long-time friend and associate, JULIUS H. BARNES. Mr. Barnes' article (page 232) follows closely his talk before the after-dinner meeting of Survey Associates on April 9, which explored management's opportunity in outflanking unemployment. On April 29, speaking before the U. S. Chamber of Commerce at its meeting in Washington, Mr. Barnes carried his point further: "There is a new sense of responsibility apparent in the management of industry. There is general acceptance of the American philosophy of high wages justified by individual production and resulting in widespread buying power. There is, besides, apparent a realization that intelligent and devoted direction of industry will apply American resourcefulness in its conduct in such a way as to spread and stabilize employment against the crests and depressions of former years." Two days later, before the same group, President Hoover indicated that he had in mind to appoint a body representative of business, economics, labor and agriculture to examine the experiences of the past year in order to determine what can be done to achieve greater stability.

THOSE were glamorous early years in the history of Chicago Commons when a minister and a newspaper man were pals in its work of foraging on the social frontiers of the City by the Lake. There was a neighbor's doorway at the Commons and through it JOHN PALMER GAVIT came in contact with all those races of men he interprets from month to month in his department in Survey Graphic. Here he tells of the great neighbor who lived within. (Page 234.) He complements Professor Taylor's book, just from the University of Chicago Press, with an inimitable portrait of the man who wrote it. Together in those days, they brought out The Commons as a settlement monthly. There came a time when it was combined with Charities, and another time when the combined journal became The Survey. Now as then, after paths that were long separate in miles and vocations but never in spirit, they participate as fellow editors in the fortunes of the magazine they helped to found. But at Chicago Commons itself today Professor Taylor shares his prophet's mantle and his neighborhood service with Lea Taylor, in every sense her father's daughter, and in her own right one of the oncoming settlement leaders of a new decade.

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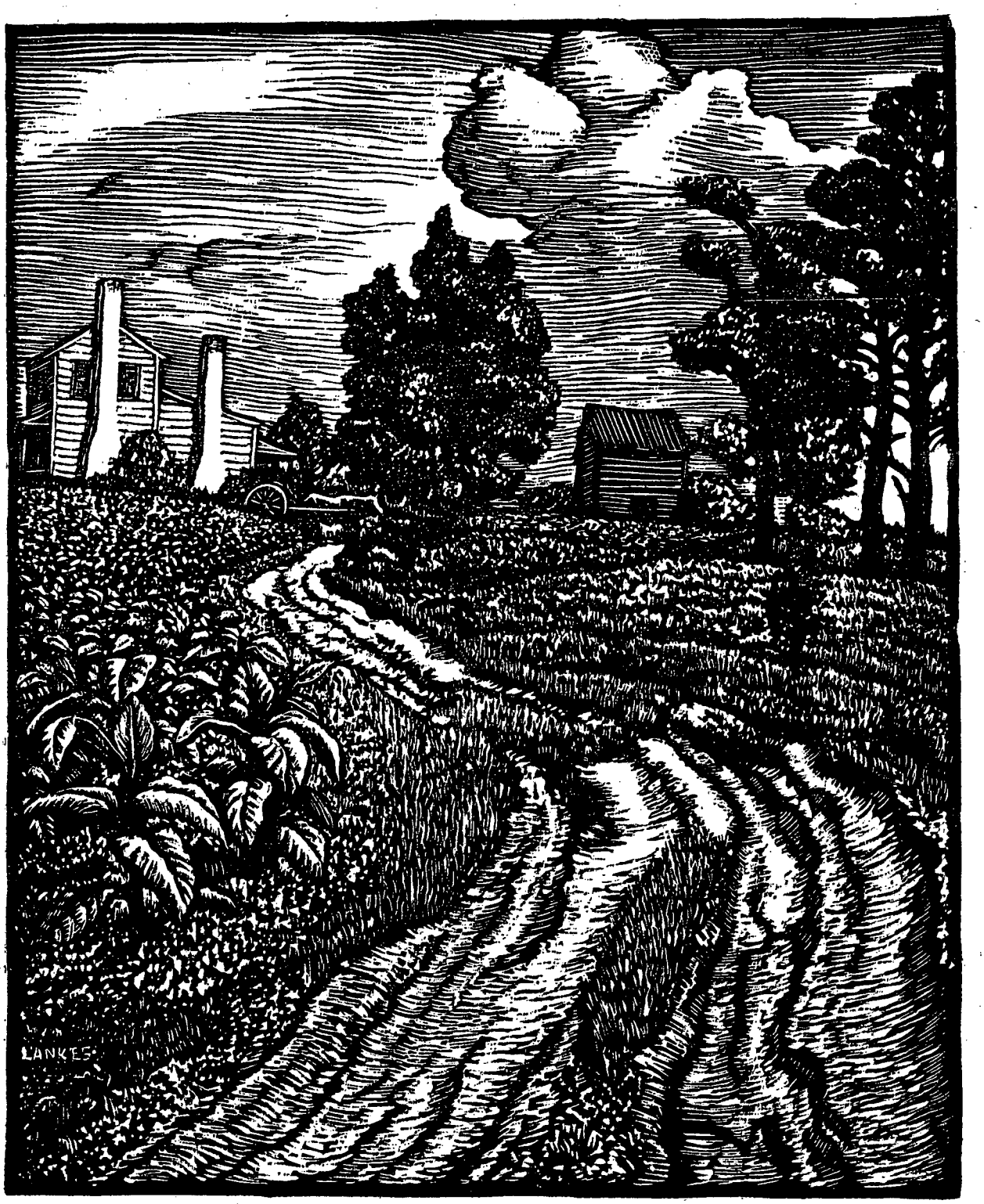

WORN ROAD

"Beauty lurks not only in bud and bloom, but also in decay. Then, into the fragment that is left we may project our fancy to find, perhaps, a loveliness that the fresh original never knew." So writes Charles Harris Whitaker in the introduction to Virginia Woodcuts, a book of twenty-seven plates by J. J. Lankes, just issued by the Virginia Press, Inc., of Newport News ($7.50), from which the above cut and the two in the following article have been taken. Lankes is the artist who restores to all of us over thirty the America of our roots and youth. We cling for personal identification to his records—the humble scenes in which he brings out so much charm, the parish churches, the homes of ample living. He feeds our native pride, gives us a background to hold up against the picturesque past of other lands. This beautifully-made book is a rare thing to possess—there are only 1200 copies. It is both artist's portfolio and treasured album.

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THE SURVEY

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Country Schools—New Style

By LORINE PRUETTE

Woodcuts by J. J. Lankes

THE famous little red schoolhouse is gone, or going. Going, too, are the little white schoolhouses, flimsily built of wood, that stood on the edge of the village close beside the church. The big red schoolhouse has come in their stead, the consolidated school that often rises like a startling excrescence upon an empty plain, with no habitation in sight, with no sign of life anywhere save in the line of auto-buses, waiting to take the children home.

Only the sentimentalist can regret the passing of the one-room schoolhouse. The consolidated school with its superior equipment, its better paid teachers, and its possibilities of serving as the cultural and community center for great rural areas offers the possibility of education for the country child on approximate equality with that of the city child. How far such schools have yet to go is indicated in the studies which the Southern Woman's Educational Alliance has been conducting for the last five years. Under the direction of O. Latham Hatcher the Alliance has been gathering immensely valuable material about the rural child, primarily about the rural girl. The Alliance counselors have gone into the country districts and into the mountains, striving to learn the particular handicaps of the rural girl and to devise a guidance program which will lessen these handicaps. It is Miss Hatcher's conclusion that the school has the key to the situation but that many factors combine to interfere with the school's efficiency. Among these are mentioned, in one of the studies to be published in the fall, the fact that the rural teachers are even yet much less well trained than city teachers, that there is often a high turnover among such teachers, that the school facilities are poor and the school libraries meager.

There is still another factor mentioned—the bus. The bus, theoretically at least, runs on schedule, and the children who come long distances are often cut off from participation in out-of-school activities. With the bus waiting there is no chance to linger and get acquainted, while the children who live nearby form a privileged aristocracy that discriminates against the bus children.

When I was a country girl in the South and walked to the little white schoolhouse at the edge of the village, the children used to come trouping out to play under the big trees after school or to sprawl around on the ground while "teacher"—that glamorous, all-knowing creature—told us stories. And then there was the short walk home, swinging our lunch baskets, special friends clustering close together, parting reluctantly at this door and that, shrilling passionate farewells through the twilight, making unnecessary promises for the morrow's walk to school. We had so many absorbing games. It is still hard for me to realize that country children, at any rate the younger ones, suffer from a lack of recreation. With the older children, it is, of course, easy to see the absence of suitable facilities for recreation. And it is clear that the waiting, impatient bus has changed the whole nature of the school day and that organized recreation would seem to be indicated as a next step for the school to take.

THERE are twelve million rural children in the country, the largest proportion being found in the South. Hence the Alliance studies of southern districts aim at the heart of the problem, whether or not conditions in the South are entirely representative of other sections. Not only do we learn that most of these southern rural girls have few recreational facilities, we learn as well that in a great many cases they have little leisure. Here is a highschool girl who rises at six in the morning, prepares breakfast, makes the younger children ready for school, and walks a mile and a half, crossing two creeks and hurrying to catch the bus which will take her twelve miles and a half to school. Often it is dark when she comes back from school to continue the round of domestic duties. When can this child play? Is it strange that many of the children when asked what they do when they can do what they want to, reply simply, "sleep," or "rest"?

G. Stanley Hall wrote an enthusiastic account of the training secured by a village boy and he was fond of emphasizing the value to the child of growing up on a farm, sharing in the chores, growing acquainted with life at its source. John H. Finley in a recent talk grew lyrical in much the

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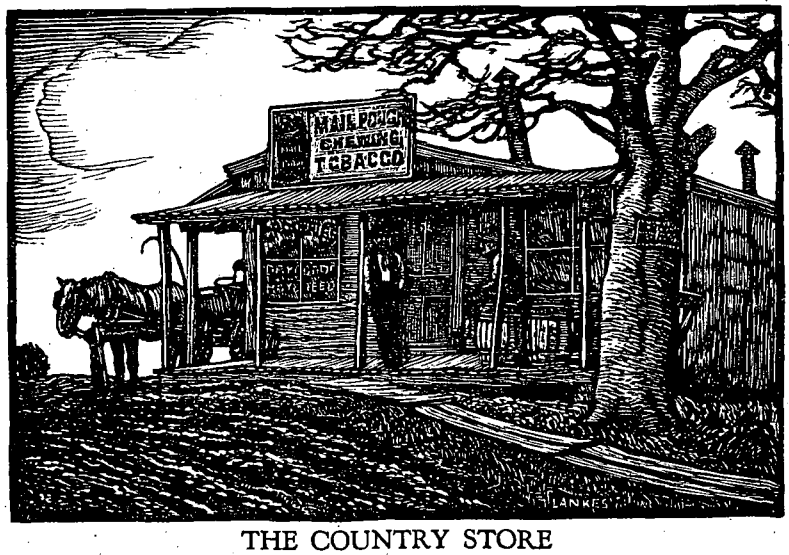
same fashion, recalling his own childhood in the country. But Miss Hatcher has been seeing country children of today. Drudgery is the word she uses to describe much of rural child life. In the light of their home and farm duties it is surprising that they find time even for the home study they report—one to two hours a day in preparation for the morrow's lessons.

Drudgery is a harsh word, but exploitation is worse. Here is a girl, third from the youngest of nine children, who was stopped in the tenth grade to be a little slavey for the family. The sons are pronounced worthless by the villagers and they and their families hang about the family kitchen. The only labor-saving device is an inside pump. The father is a mechanic, the mother immersed in the family and in her own invalidism, while this only daughter sinks further and further into the position of family drudge. The girl showed some ability at teaching when she substituted in the village school. The sentiment of the community is that the family could afford to give the only daughter the education she desires. When questioned as to occupations open to women she seemed to know only two, nursing and teaching. It seems improbable that the family would consent to her preparing for either. A counselor on the ground might be able to save this girl and secure her the preparation she needs for life, but much of the year her village is entirely inaccessible because of bad roads, and it is always isolated. Unless something is done very soon, "a girl recognized in her own community as having unusual possibilities and one capable of being very useful there or elsewhere in the country, will become a confirmed household drudge."

Nearly all of the girls selected for study by the Alliance liked to go to school. For most of them school is the center of their social experiences and provides whatever recreational activities they are to have. Many of them like to study. They like oral reading, English literature, spelling and music. Latin is the subject most generally disliked. A number of girls give indication of special abilities for which the schools cannot train them. One girl, living in an isolated village, has always tried to draw, although she never had training. To her great joy she won a prize in drawing at the county fair and the Alliance showed her how to gain admission to a brief summer course in art. The instructor in this course reported that the girl showed talent which should justify her looking forward to earning her living in commercial art. The problem is now to persuade the family to give her further opportunity. Since it is so difficult to get to the village the program must be developed, not too satisfactorily, by letters to this quarry-worker and his wife.

The group studied includes the schoolgirls of highest academic standing at their age level in the county. The range in intelligence quotients is from 69 to 130, median 88. In mental ages the girls range from 11 to 18 years, in chronological ages from 12 to 19. On the average they were found retarded more than a year, both in intelligence and in educational achievement, as compared with city children. Divided into two groups, they showed a low correlation between grades and I. Q. for the superior group (.14), and a negative correlation for the other group (—.10). The eighth-grade students were found to be superior to the ninth. The report suggests some evidence that the schools are learning to make the most of the limited mental endowment of the children, but it raises at the same time the vexing question whether rural I. Q.'s may be justly compared with the established norms. How much is the retardation inevitable and how much is it due to poor teaching, poor school equipment, a dearth of reading matter, low economic status and limited economic background of the parents? Are the country children behind the city ones because the "best blood" has been drawn off to the cities, or are they behind just because they live in the country?



THE COUNTRY STORE

WHILE the scientists are working on a determination of this problem, the practical aspects of the testing dilemma are now affecting these girls. Nearly half of the selected group want to go to college and about a sixth to teachers' colleges. Some of that number will drop out because their families cannot—or will not—send them, because they do not know how to secure scholarships and extra work to take them through on their own initiative, and because they know so little about college possibilities. But a surprising proportion will press on after all these decimating influences have operated. Will any of them be able to get into our best colleges? They will be twice handicapped, by the customary consideration of the standing of the highschool from which they come and in many schools by the intelligence examinations. Some of the parents recognize this situation and plan to send the girl to a city highschool for a fifth year of preparation before endeavoring to enter college.

While the rural school children have always been handicapped, the situation now is more unjust. Formerly a great many of us went to these inadequate schools. Dr. Hall and Dr. Finley learned their letters in little country schools, as did so many other men and women of later solid achievements. Few of our great men have been born in cities. Hardships may have been involved in country origins, but at least the hardships were common to great numbers. But now, in spite of the very great improvements in the status of rural education, the discrimination is more bitter. Urbanization and the adoption of urban standards make life more difficult for those who are left outside the favored circle. If all the colleges of the country become as exacting as some of our leading colleges in the matter of entrance requirements, the country child will almost automatically be excluded from higher edu-

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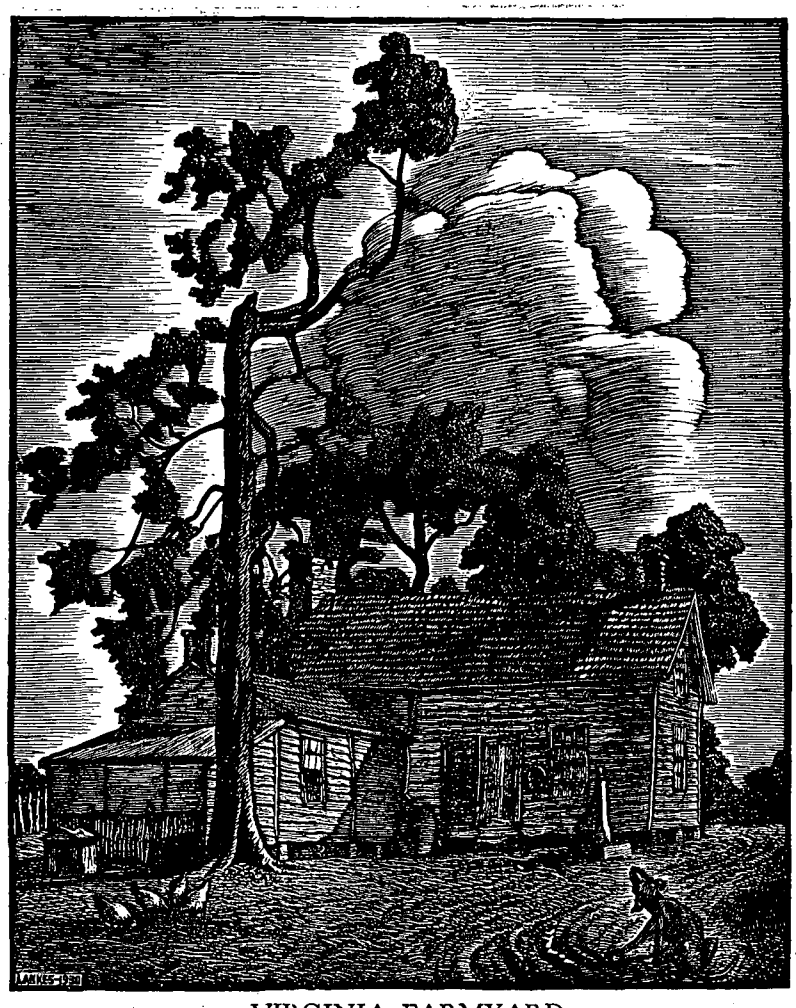
cation. To be sure, conditions are steadily improving in the country districts but not fast enough to lift the handicap from the present millions of farm children. The Alliance aims to level some of the inequalities by the development of a guidance program for rural children and by working with the schools in the utilization of the peculiar advantages of the rural environment. John W. Herring, following his work with the American Association for Adult Education which took him into a variety of communities north and south, has reported that almost invariably it is the school principal who stands out in the small community as the man most capable of grasping the significance of new ideas. The Alliance makes a similar approach and feels that it is from the school that the community must gain its conception of a wider cultural life.

Some of the problems of the rural school cannot be referred to delinquency on the part of anyone involved. Here is a youngster with an I. Q. of 130, in a school in which the other children range from 69 to 97. She has no one of her ability to play with or to work with. Apparently her development has been a wholesome and a splendid one, but there can be little question that this wide difference between her and her associates will color the rest of her life. She reads everything she can get hold of, all the 300 books added to the school library within the year, all that the neighbors have. Her school has an unusually good library of 13,000 volumes. Lacking companions, this child early turned to writing little books of stories illustrated by the author. She wants to go four years to college and her parents hope to be able to manage two.



VIRGINIA FARMYARD

The country breeds all manner of girls. Here is another girl, one who makes friends everywhere, who shows the traits of a natural leader, very fair and tolerant and easily setting the tone of whatever group she is in. In her little town the wives of the older residents strive to keep their daughters away from this child of a crude but wholesome home, but the girl's personality draws friends about her. She reads little and needs cultural contacts, talks of going to college but is restless at the idea of submitting to discipline for four more years. She thinks she wants to teach but cannot bring herself to plan anything definite. She is extremely competent in everything she does, and sometimes earns a little money by cleaning in the houses of the neighbors. Living absorbs her from day to day; without some outside influences toward more adequate preparation she will probably drift along as her mother has done, although the Alliance feels that she has within her, perhaps, the "capacity to become the most influential woman in her community."

MOST of the girls indicated a genuine love for the country. They should naturally develop into the rural leaders of the next generation, but after leaving school they face two courses, each with undesirable possibilities. When some of the girls were asked what they were going to do after school is over they answered, "Oh, just go on stayin' home." This means probably the early end of their cultural life, tedious work at home, loneliness that makes them eager for early marriage. Then a new home is set up, little if any advanced beyond the home they have left, and the vicious circle repeats itself: a large family, poverty, a bare life and no better expectation for the children. On the other hand, the more restless and rebellious girls long for the lights of the city, the movies, the crowds, the opportunities to meet boys, and are swept in a bright, laughing tide into the city streets where one fortune or another, some of them far from good, may befall them. The much smaller group of country girls who come to the city equipped to get jobs, knowing how to take care of themselves, or who come with the money for special training, are the very girls who could make rural America such a different place to live in. But after they have had city training and city jobs there often seems very little for them to go back to in the country. Some of them, sick for the open country and the solace of growing things, pass all their lives in a brick and asphalt city where they never feel quite at home.

Then there are the girls who are held in the country because they have not the strength to fight their way out, and there is no one to help them secure the training which they need for a fuller life wherever they may reside. A lovely, delicate girl sits in a tumbledown cottage between her tattered father and her shapeless mother, looking like some exotic alien. She wants to be a school-teacher and is ambitious in a timid way. The family want her to have better preparation before she enters teaching, but they face difficulties in keeping her in highschool. Her home is so isolated that she has to "board out" during the winter months in order to get to the school, and these few dollars for room and meals are a heavy expense (*Continued on page* 245)

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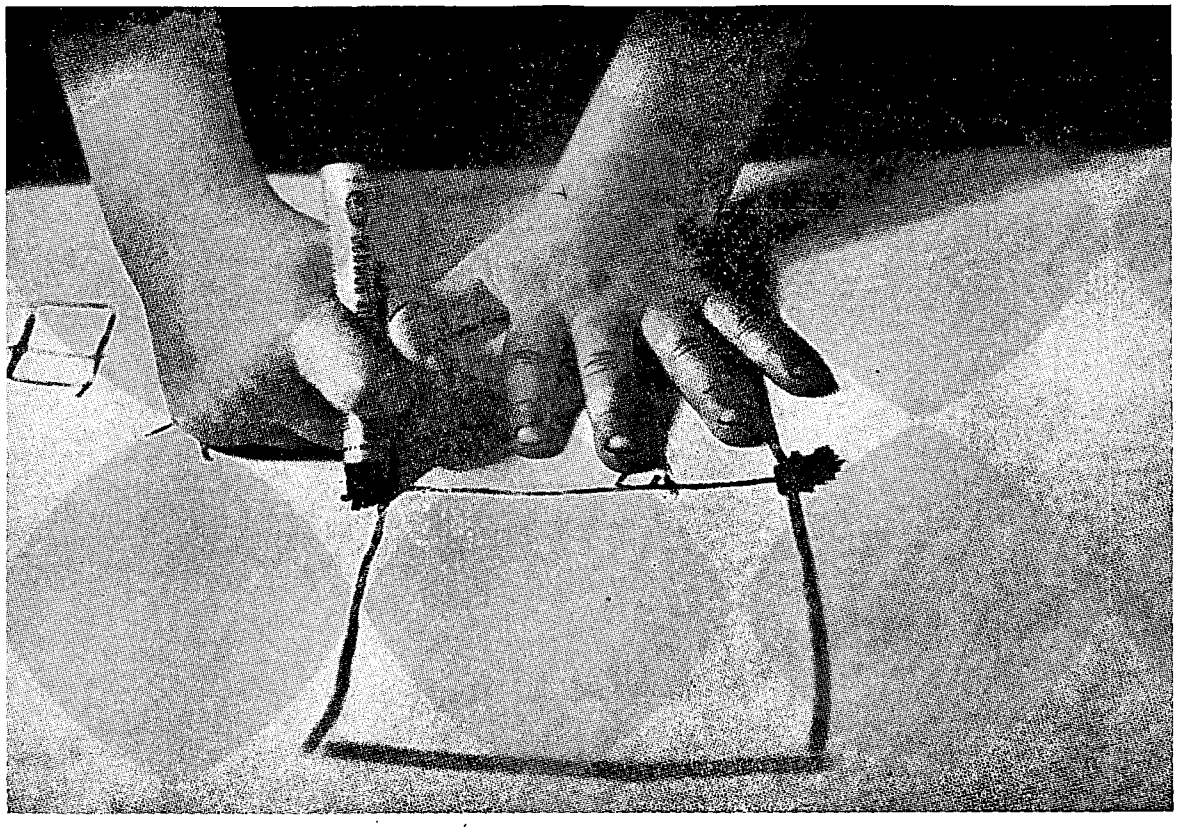

LITTLE HANDS

Photo by Erhard Dörner in Das Deutsche Lichtbild

Five Little Experiments

By ADELAIDE NICHOLS

MARY'S children are strung out through the Boulder Brook School like a string of beads in graded sizes. There are five of them, beginning with Tim in the nursery school and ending with Eleanor in the eighth grade. It seemed to me that Mary should know what the "new" schools can do for your children. She has evinced her faith in Boulder Brook not only by producing five of its pupils, but by serving on the Parents' Committee for the Choice of Teachers and by furnishing the Board of Trustees with a chairman in the person of her husband. Boulder Brook, in accord with progressive-school principles, is run by parent committees and parent trustees, not because they are educational experts or financiers, but simply because they are parents and so should know what children need. I had every reason to hope that Mary's children are getting what they need.

"Some of them are," was the best she could say for it. "Welles is the kind of child that needs a progressive school. I think the old kind of formal, competitive classes run by bells and drills would have made him into a sullen little donkey. At home he's always been slower than the others, a little clumsy in games, and easily discouraged by being outclassed. Even Mary Second, who is only five, a year and a half younger than Welles, can do things that he can't. He was shy of meeting new children and reluctant to enter games, always fearing, I suppose, to make a poor showing.

"But from his kindergarten year, the teachers took tremendous pains with him. They didn't jostle him into a pace that would have confused him. They found that he was good at doing things with his hands, and they built up his self-confidence by giving him a chance to excel at crafts. Bit by bit he took part in class projects. He comes to me sometimes rather red in the face and says, 'There's going to be a play, Mother—all about Vikings.' Off I go and find Welles speaking up manfully in his part, with chin high and eyes shining.

"Welles is the kind that loves concrete things, of course, and all this illustrative work means a great deal to him. He's been a Viking all this fall, helping to build ships and mede halls, painting banners and shields. The new school speaks his language.

"Babs, on the other hand, would probably have done better in a regular formal school. She's lazy, happy-go-lucky: everyone adores her. She gets along quite to her own satisfaction with very little work. I believe she needs more spurring and driving than she gets at Boulder Brook. They leave her to take her own pace and she lies right down and accomplishes nothing. No one seems to worry very much, least of all Babs. She is vastly amused by what all the eager, energetic ones contribute to the class projects and feels no urge to bestir herself. If she had set lessons and tests, I think she would do them. As it is, I can't see that she learns much. Babs is eight and she hardly reads at all.

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"As a matter of fact, Sally's not much better and she's almost eleven. This is the first year she's been able to read to herself for her own pleasure, even very simple things. She seemed to be absolutely baffled when she met a new word. They taught her to read by recognizing whole sentences and phrases, paying no attention to mere letters and syllables. It left her with absolutely no key to the reading of a word she had never met. She's a conscientious person. I could see that this guessing round things annoyed her. She loves order and definiteness and lacks imagination—the school has done a lot to help her there. But it seems to offer her little chance for quiet, systematic mastery of new skills. I can see her chafing at the haphazard trial-and-error methods and pining for a little authority and order.

"It's the child bubbling with creative energy like Mary Second that thrives in the progressive school. She is a self-starter you see. She not only starts, but unlike many of them she has the vigor to see things through to the end. This is the way Mary's mind works. They ran across farming in geography and Mary was shocked to find how little the six-year-old town children knew about animals, even the plain mother hen. So on one of our week-ends she insisted on crating up an old Plymouth Rock that had decided to set, and carted her back to school and put her in the cellar to finish her work. From then until the eggs hatched Mary Second stayed in town with the maid every week-end so that she could visit the hen regularly with food and water. She never relaxed a moment till nine chicks were ushered into the world and the town children had seen with their own eyes how chickens grow. She's the joy of the project teachers and school is to her an everlasting adventure.

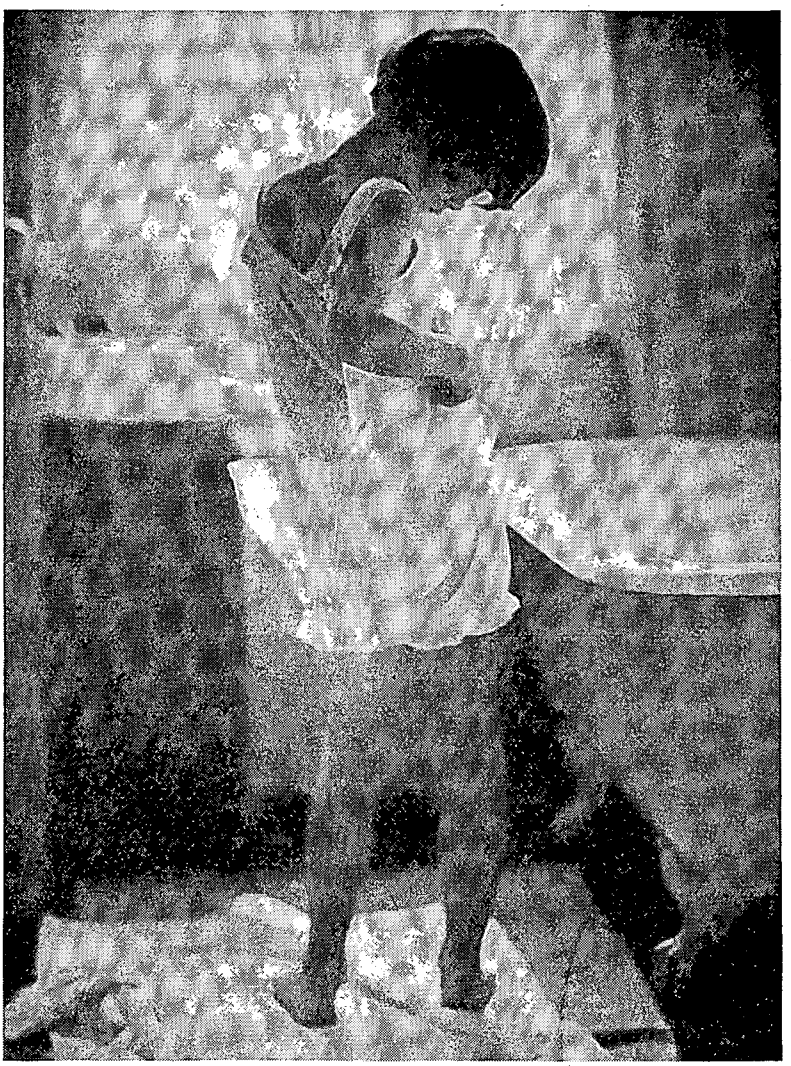
"For that matter, they all of them love it. Starting to school is about as jubilant as starting for a party.

"Tim, the baby, caught the spirit of anticipation by the time he was two and cried to go to 'cool' like the others. And nursery school has done wonders for him. He had been so pampered by the older children that he played the baby outrageously till he got with a group his own age and learned to give and take.

"That's something that starts right at the beginning of a school like Boulder Brook, a sense of belonging to your world. They all feel necessary to the school and they want to be called on to participate in things. It isn't individual accomplishment so much as cooperative enterprise that stands out. They feel the undertaking needs them and they love to respond to the need. They love to be part of things, even Welles—and with him I count it a real triumph for the progressive way of dealing with an inhibited child. If only," Mary sighed suddenly, "if only it could get them into college!

"Of course, I'm not up against that problem myself yet, but I shall be soon, and in the meantime I get it on all sides from the other parents. The Boulder Brook children don't pass their entrance examinations, and when they are taken out and put in regular preparatory schools they don't fit. It does seem that a school like Boulder Brook should make a better showing. The trustees have been so puzzled about it that at last my husband wrote to the head of the education department at the university. We told him what a lot of criticism we had been getting and put our troubles before him."

"Well, I've seen better progressive schools," said the visiting expert, when I asked him about it, "but I've seen far worse ones too."



From Pictorial Photography in America, Vol. 4

LEARNING BY DOING, *photo by Mildred Ruth Wilson*

On the whole this was comforting to the harrassed board of parents who had sent for him to prescribe for what seemed to them a desperate situation. It had been disillusioning to the sponsors of a school founded by parents themselves in the rosy dawn of progressive-school theory, to become the target of carping criticism by other parents. And here was a professional educator giving them reassurance, "Don't pay too much attention to petty criticisms. They can hurt a school if they get under its skin."

As a former schoolteacher, I had met my share of carping parents. I had even known of one headmaster notably successful in the management of boys, who resigned because he preferred not to stand in the front line of defense against parental criticism. He slipped happily back into the classroom where he could carry on the teaching he loved while the protection of "the office" stood between him and the accusing progenitors of misunderstood sons.

That headmaster was perhaps over-sensitive. Many teachers have become notoriously (*Continued on page* 250)

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Columbus Was Right

The Log of a Social-Work Teacher

By MARGARET LEAL

ON DECK

It's joy to sit alone a—
Long the rail and think of Jonah.
I wonder why he up and left that whale.

By humans unmolested
He might really have got rested,
And it didn't cost him anything to sail.

One day out from New York

THE most perfect way to insure a day-at-a-time existence is to possess a New York to New York ticket with a six months' interval between New Yorks. Starting point becomes unimportant before the good ship (it's to be hoped she's a good ship) leaves the Narrows. Destination does not count when there's half a year to go. Too much emphasis is placed on ultimate goals by more professions than the ministry. A lively interest in todays, a lot of todays, sounds like tonic for a tired social worker. Perhaps there's a place for the same philosophy in the program of the rested social worker. Is there such a phenomenon as a rested social worker? I shall know next year.

A colored film of today would show up with green predominating. It's better for oceans than people. My deck chair is in a fine open spot with no one on either side of of me so far. Those chairs may belong to even greener folk. Roast beef and Roquefort cheese this noon suggest security thus far.

It's fun to write about a day that has been mostly a blur. A blurry day in the office is no help. Here it's sheer asset. Why do travel bureaus miss the significance of a heavenly solitude? They stress the joys of companionship when they might say, "You can lie in the sun, *sun,* mind you, for days, weeks, months—what have you, and never answer a 'phone, interview a student or serve on a committee."

The passengers are beginning to take shape. They puzzle me. No common denominator is apparent. People from the ends of the earth are no novelty to me. The New York School of Social Work group is consistently international. But these people do not come from the ends of the earth. Most of them come from the Eastern Coast. They seem to have no bond beyond just happening to be together on a ship. And some of them already regret the ship. How explain the deck strollers' comments: "With luck we should be in Havana in time for the holiday races"—"What a dull passage"—"No, we don't care for the deck"—"I've reported to the captain that I have never been accustomed to" something or other.

There are the lions and the mice, the ones you noted before the ship left the dock and those you will never be able to link up with a name. And out of the throng are emerging, even on a first day out, a few who seem to recognize that the trip is a fairy story and not a doctor's prescription or a way to spend the winter. With these few I hereby cast my lot.

WEST FROM SAN FRANCISCO

Unlock the bar, hang out the banners;
Put on your Oriental manners;
Forget your job, salute the dawn—
We'll stay till all our money's gone!
(I can't record how glad I am
To say goodbye to Uncle Sam!)

Away from California

STARTING out from San Franscico seems much more like heading around the world than sailing from New York did. Novel and stimulating and truly beautiful as Havana and the Canal Zone were, there seemed to be an even chance that we might drop off and find the vacation over. But now we are pointing in a direction which suggests that we are no longer "seeing America." A growing sense of residence is developing. The ship is no longer just a carrier. It's part of the plot.

The West Coast stops provided the first of a series of reunions with ex-students. Every teacher of social work should find some opportunity for knowing his students in their work settings. Otherwise, he knows them with a two-fold handicap: they are adjusting geographically and educationally to a setting unknown to them; they are seeking preparation for an assignment equally unknown to the teacher. As host, the student reveals his problems, his work methods, his philosophy, with a spontaneity that is less readily reached when he is a student-in-training. Perhaps a curriculum in social work should have an interneship year when the instructors seek out the students. This California group represented a wide range of specialized interests. They gave to this Atlantic Seaboard guest a sense of having much common ground, much shared concern with each other and with the School. When a student from the Near East can practice public health in the Far West; when a student from a Boston suburb can deal authoritatively with employment problems in a San Francisco suburb; when child guidance proves to be child guidance regardless of geography—then an administrator from the school of social work that trained these practitioners gets some heartening light on the problems of curriculum building. I forsee that six months of being a non-resident is to be an eye-opening experience.

INTERLUDE

. . . . My muse ain't supplyin'
No rhymes for Hawaiian.

West from Honolulu

I'M a disloyal subject of Mayor Walker today. What does New York offer to quench a thirst for beauty? The islands have just provided a fairly drunken sunrise; volcanoes

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that are violet, crimson, or orchid in dizzy succession; tiny showers out of white georgette clouds; rainbows and poinsettias; crazy-quilt vegetation and cordial welcomes from a second instalment of ex-students. What matter if one of them announced a fairly immediate session with the president of the university to discuss professional training for social work? The president evidently sensed that I can not pat my head and rub my stomach simultaneously, so he let me intersperse sociological comment with tropical rhapsody.

Ex-student, as a label, must be dropped. It sounds too final; ex-residents of New York they are, but still students in the finest sense. The social work of Honolulu is largely in their hands and a sure, constructive handling it is. I was tempted to abandon my jaunt, apply for a visitor's job and settle down in that loveliness forever. It would call for all one's personal and official equipment and pidgin English to boot. One student concerns herself with public health with a hospital as a base. It's hard to believe that illness can get a foothold in these spotless islands under such blue skies, but there speaks the zealous tourist late of dirty New York. Another student heads the bureau that is diagnostician, general practitioner, and adviser-in-particular to the native residents, the Orientals, the Portuguese, and the scatter of other nationality groups that make up the local population. The sort of resourcefulness that shows in the work of these students in a region which has no need of a Charities Directory, would be an invigorating ingredient anywhere.

We're pitching our way to Yokohama. I wish we wouldn't. One solemn Britisher insists upon talking about our "majestic progress." People's preparations for Japan are funny. The cruise lecturer suggests wool socks to pull on in place of shoes when visiting temples. All the old ladies are buying up the ship shop's supply, bright orange with tassels. How tourists must puzzle native folk! And such devouring of travel books. There is concerted determination to find out about Shoguns and Samurai. I've abandoned facts for color. I know about a statue covered with spit balls. One writes out a prayer, chews it up, and aims it for the statue. If it lands on the face, it's sure to be answered, and the spitter has a fair chance if he hits some other position on the idol.

MIYAJIMA

(Sacred Island—births and deaths forbidden)

With births and deaths and dogs taboo,
And gasoline and 'rickshas, too,
What is a traveler to do?

I hope there can a way be
Found to have a baby—
On another Island maybe.

Courtesy Downtown Gallery

LEAVING PORT, *painting by George C. Ault*

At sea after Japan BLESSINGS on restful strips of ocean on which to chew the cud of our land strips. The world is planned with particular attention to globe circlers. I shall feel a warm affection for the Yellow Sea. It isn't simoomy or typhoony and it isn't yellow. But it has given me time to sort myself out and to wash dust storms from gloves and stockings. It isn't quite fair to Japan to visit it in midwinter. One is prepared to shiver. Yoshimi-San had urged "'oolens" and grieved at my missing the cherry blossoms, as she put me through my chopstick paces in a New York restaurant weeks before. But Japan has such cold cold. It seemed to affect activities as a frost touches a late fall garden. Things curled up a bit. However, it takes more than bitter cold to kill a fairy story. We put on our clothes and some more clothes and started off in 'rickshas the moment we docked at Yokohama. My Japanese vocabulary was long on salutations and short on all else, but I learned to say "stop" and "go on" and we did. That mode of riding does something to one's intellectual level. There's no chance for wondering about the future of Nippon and the causes of industrial unrest, nor for analyzing the type of architecture of the post-earthquake period. On a first day all that matters is that one's 'ricksha boy seems to like to trot, that every child is rosy and possessed of a sniffle, and that there are thirteen more days in Japan. And when it gets dark and the boy lights a bobbing paper lantern, thirteen seem thoroughly inadequate.

The students once more figured in shore plans and the Japanese visit was colored and enriched by their generous interest. They completely re-organized our New York relationship. At the School they have tended to be over-meticulous about restricting interviews to programs and field plans, theses and source material. In Tokyo, we discarded all formality and dealt with the universe more or less, while dividing our time between bazars, a local movie, an orphanage, tea houses, settlements, theaters, and restaurants. If I were a foot shorter I might have managed restaurants with greater dignity and fewer aching muscles. I can kneel correctly for two minutes. For the rest of the meal I cheat and the waitress chuckles happily over the odd places I put my feet. I can pay no higher tribute to the students who spent one dinner hour telling me in vivid terms of their plans for next steps in social work than to record that I was oblivious of being muscularly sound asleep from the chin down They characterize social work in Japan as largely an emotional expression of charity and benevolent paternalism. Their aim is to preserve all the fineness of this philosophy, and yet to instill the skills and the objectivity of a more scientific social work. What's more, they are doing it.

And the tale of it was all the more stirring because it was so simple and unselfconscious. I heard about a brilliant piece of community organization while being steered through the mazes of Tokyo's Coney Island. We shouted from 'ricksha to

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'ricksha about the future of child labor, and wondered about educational programs in the same breath that we bargained with vendors on the sidewalks for clogs and gay paper sunshades. Why do schools assume that classes should be conducted indoors? The Greeks knew better.

HONG KONG
(with flu)

Some rave of the drive to Repulse Bay,
Of the view from the peak, of the hotels gay.
I sing a song of another sort—
I saw Hong Kong from a washroom port.

Hong Kong to Manila

PEKING (it is hard to remember to say Peiping) would have been unthinkable without resident student friends. They are medical social workers, they are settlement heads; they are studying old practices, and building new programs; they are a participating and creative part of young China. They overlooked all the gaps in my knowledge of present conditions. At the same time, they attempted to fill some of those gaps. They described the past until the old Manchu palaces lived again, and almost in the same breath they showed the economic and social impossibility of all that the late Empress Dowager had hoped to perpetuate. In retrospect it seems necessary to record a mist wrapped about what little I now know about China. All the tidy little ideas brought from home shrank with the first sight of the great wall, which rambles down to the sea at the point where we left the ship. And every day ashore whittled me down along with my tidy little ideas. Does any one know how many years of residence it takes to get out from under the stupendous weight of awe and bewilderment that an introduction to China imposes? I know less than nothing about China's program of social work. It cannot be understood except through some insight into China's pattern of life. And that cannot even be glimpsed in a first visit.

My failure to understand was no fault of the students. What happened to their social work responsibilities while I was there is beyond me. I was left with an impression of twenty-four-hour shifts of kindliness. Perhaps I went to bed now and then, but if so I've forgotten it. What a sorry substitute we offer, back in America, when we play host to oriental friends. Clearing an hour or so on a day's ticker for an office chat with a long-distance caller seems almost ludicrous when compared with this royal welcome. To a traveler escaping joyfully from the tyranny of schedules, planned appointments, and efficient telephones, the oriental attitude toward time is a rest in itself. It mattered not at all when we did what. No one looked at his watch. I thought a lot about the strain New York must put on its Chinese students, by looking at watches so often, opening up discussions so abruptly, and disregarding the amenities generally.

Another factor contributed to the mist surrounding China. A vicious flu germ laid me low and I have contented myself with port-hole views of Shanghai and Hong Kong. They seem as unreal as they seemed in geography classes. Shanghai will always mean the troop of medical inspectors who waited upon me in my cabin to be assured that I wasn't having smallpox. Hong Kong's harbor lights at night outshine memories of flu. To lend reality to an otherwise empty contact with Hong Kong, I scraped acquaintance with a Chinese family in a sampan under a port hole, and they were the surprised recipients of sticky tea cakes provided by my stewardess. These days in bed have increased my British vocabulary. Says the stewardess, "Feeling a little less cheap this morning?" Or, "Are you jammy today?" I thought the latter was some symptom until she appeared with marmalade.

MARCH 4, 1929

Perhaps if I were resident
I'd run to greet the President,
But several thousand miles away
I do not seem to feel that way.
At that, we've made our bow to Herbert—
The steward gave us lemon sherbert.

Tomorrow—Siam

NOT much sea time this time to report another country sampled. Not much time needed, since by medical order I saw the Philippines from my bunk. Again the students were my mainstay. They came in droves, their numbers re-inforced by husbands and friends of husbands. Little cabin has one chair. The effect was rather like a frieze, its loveliness heightened by the native costumes with their soft colors and crisp balloon sleeves of pineapple cloth. Black satin trains and balloon sleeves may suggest leisure, but the students between them seem to be carrying on the case work and community projects of Manila, and with high distinction. As social workers in the United States, we are frequently over-busy. One brand of our overwork is apt to be a matter of an expanding task, or seasonal fluctuation, or the taking on of marginal commitments. In a country that is professionally under-staffed, the trained workers divide the field as best they can. No one expects the luxury of a one-man job. One student in Manila holds an important office in the Department of Public Welfare, teaches a full program in the University's Sociology Department, and is dean of women with a thousand potential advisees. The other students are no less busy.

This group regaled me with tales of the shore festivities they had planned and convulsed me by producing newspaper reporters and a pair of photographers. The latter met expostulations as to the undignified aspects of a bedside photograph by offering to remove the bed from the negative. Never shall I come nearer to being a lion. It was trying to get only the view of Manila that comes with being tied to her dock. Stowaways sent back from Ellis Island must feel the same wrench.

Today we are dodging little islands in a part of the world where my friends seem not to have settled. Bangkok will have to be met tourist fashion and I shall miss the quick sense of belonging that students everywhere else have given me.

SIAM

At home, the people whom you meet
Wear lots of clothes when on the street;
But now I am
In Siam,
I find them less discreet.

At home, the height of reveling
Is leaving off a wedding ring;
But now I am
In Siam
They leave off everything.

Bay of Bengal—Calcutta next

SIAM was the same sort of fun for adults that a first circus is for children. To the transient it presents a dizzy succession of new sights: farmers paddling odd canoes through canal-laced pastures to (*Continued on page* 246)

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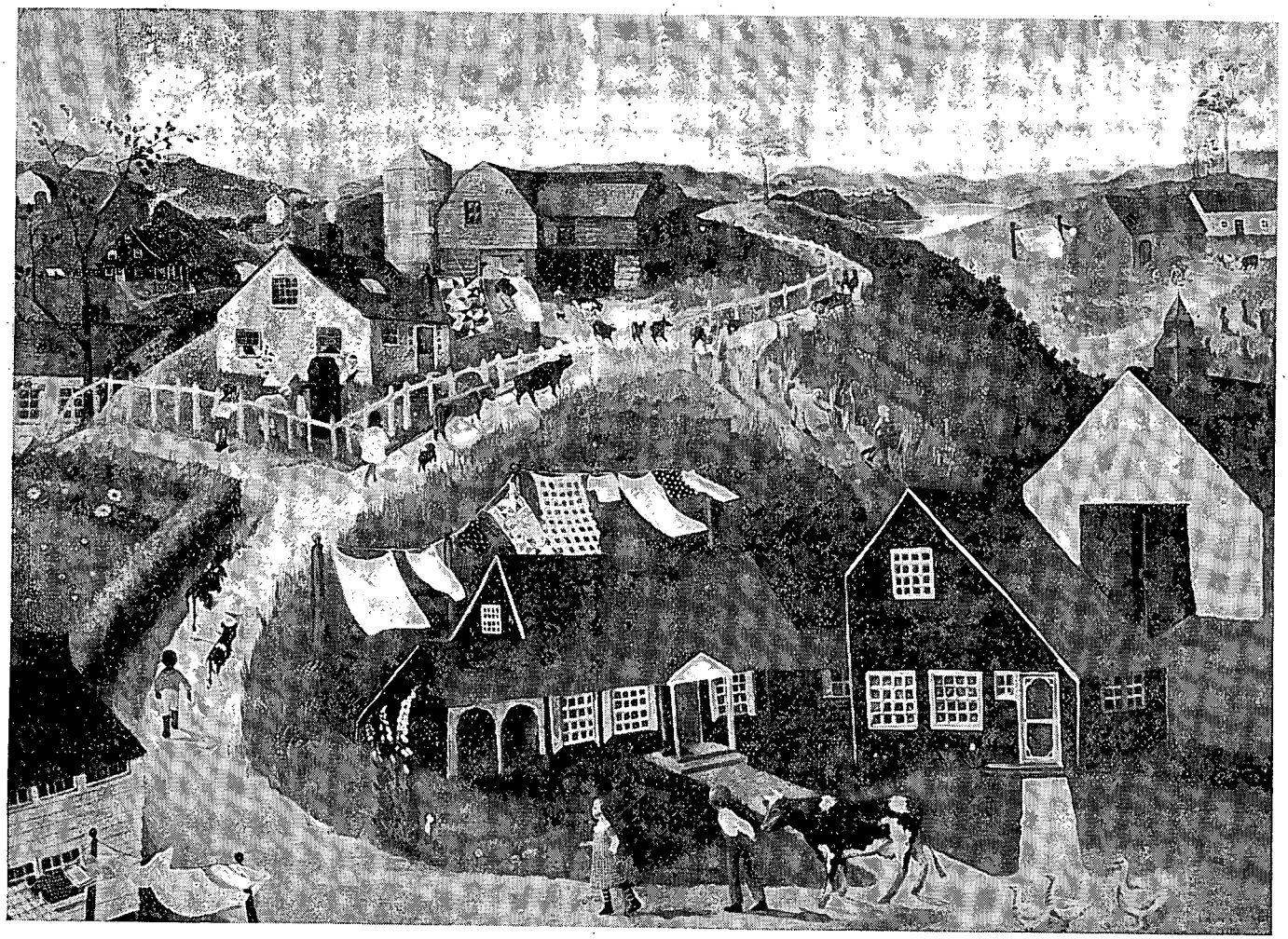

BUSY MONDAY

Courtesy Ferargil Galleries, New York

So Full of a Number of Things

Paintings by Lauren Ford

LAUREN FORD is a neat mixture of Peter Pan and Wendy: at the same time that she takes a maternal delight in childish qualities, she manages not to grow up. Go to any of her exhibitions of paintings and watch the faces of the spectators; men and women, old and young, they all wear that blissful look of people eating ice-cream. Sometimes Miss Ford reminisces about her own childhood: the little girl "just sitting" on the hall stairs; chubby hands straining at the piano octave; the end of Christmas '90, the livingroom full of toys and youngsters still going strong, and the remnants of two parents aflop in fireside chairs. Sometimes she expresses the spiritual essence of childhood: the little St. John, the little St. Francis, chumming alike with tiger ("nice pussy") and lamb in a celestial, fenceless zoo; or a band of angels who differ from other three-year-olds only in their wings and cloud-perches; or just the thrill of the wide, wide world. Then again, she draws in an enormous scene and fills it with childish bustle: the delightful chores on the farm; the temporarily subdued throng emerging from Sunday school; dozens of little figures running forth from dozens of trim little houses to play on the suburban street; the "swell vacation" in the mountains of a child as hard to pick out in a field of flowers as in a puzzle. It is all so gay, so wholesome; such sunny colors; good painting too, that reminds one of Henri Rousseau and Peter Breughel. Years after Miss Ford wanted to illustrate children's books and got little encouragement, it is becoming obvious that she would be an American illustrator to rank with the best of Europe, where children's books matter. But the grown-ups are buying her paintings for themselves as fast as they are made—just another such shabby trick as when Father appropriates the new airplane or the electric train. Lots of people simply must have ice-cream.—F. L. K.

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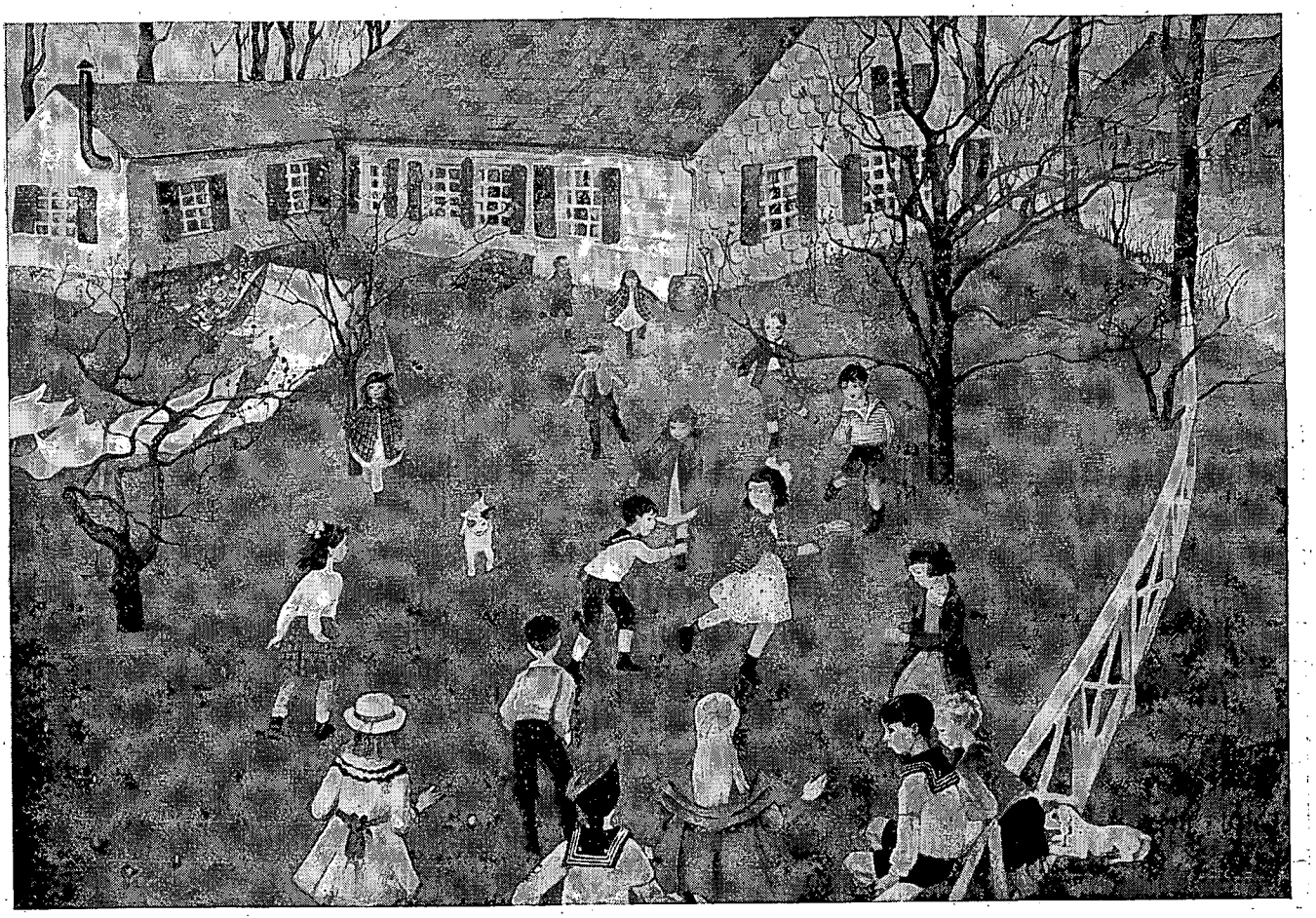
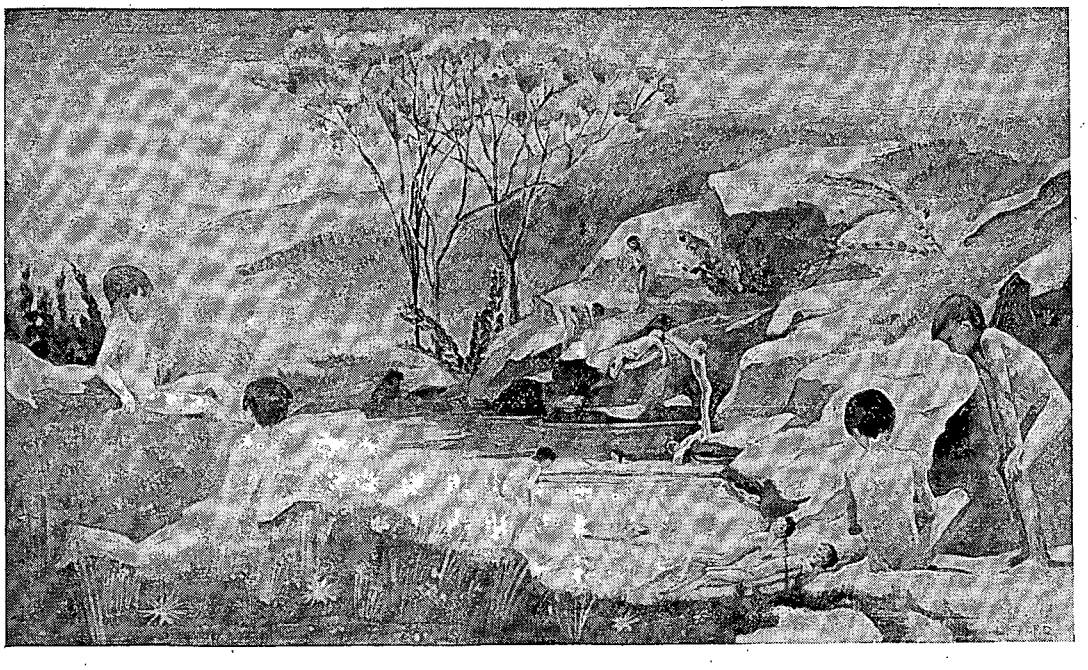


MY BACK YARD



SWIMMING HOLE

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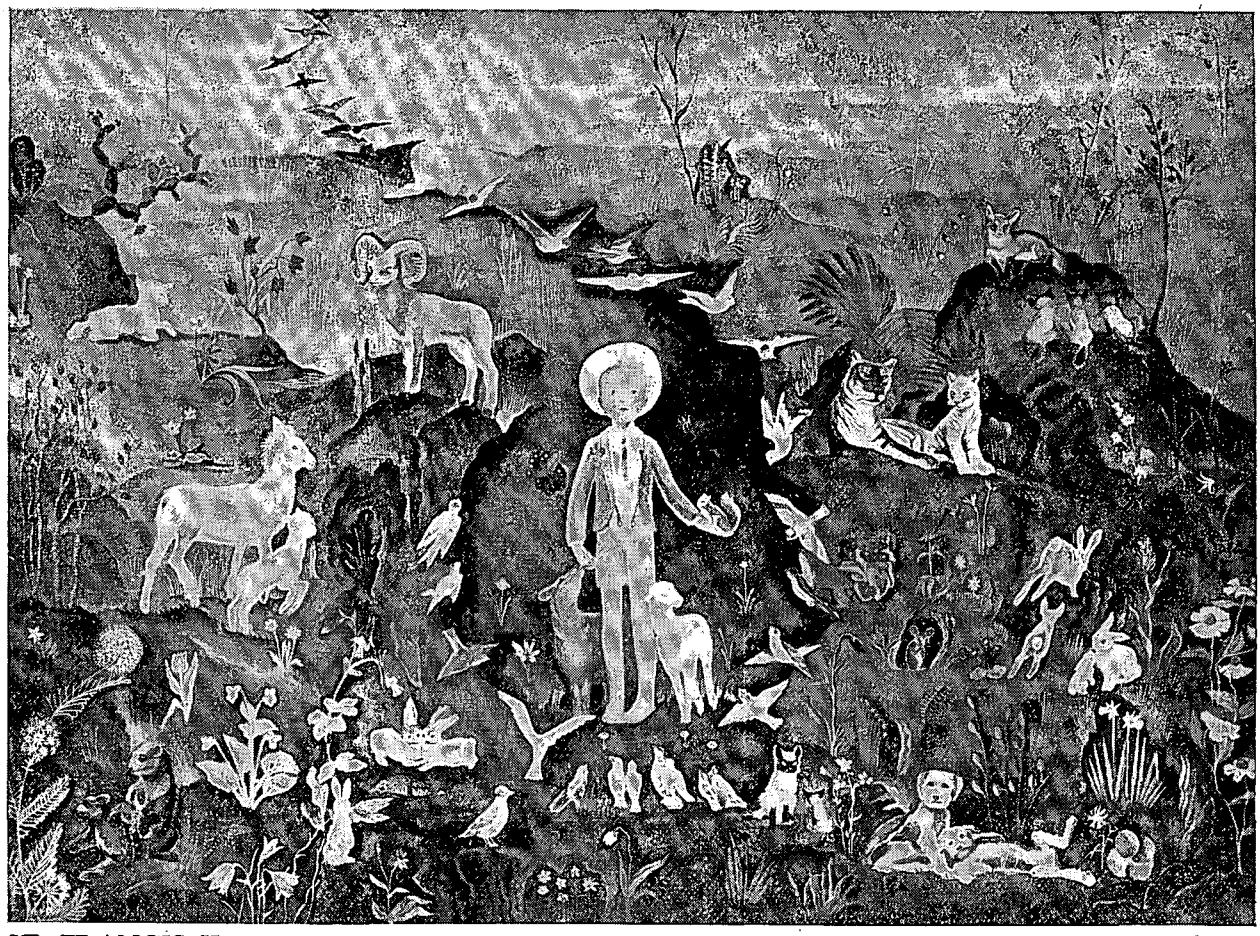
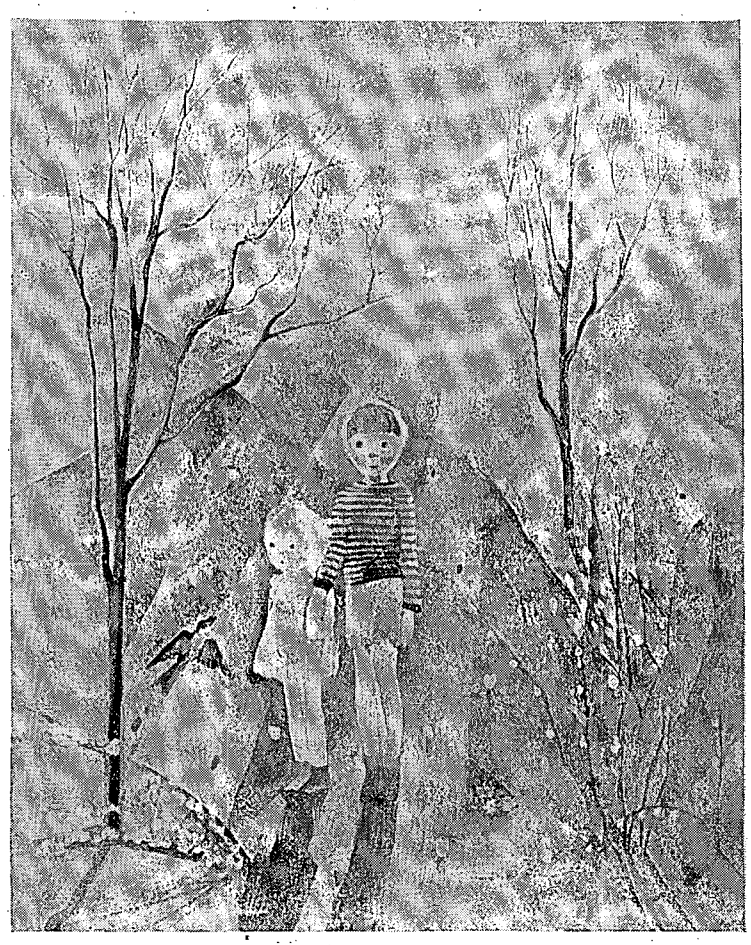


ST. FRANCIS II



MOST EARLY SPRING

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Fitting Law to Life

By MABEL L. WALKER

IT all started some 150 years ago when Jeremy Bentham, a benevolent-looking old gentleman bearing a striking resemblance to Benjamin Franklin, set forth the astonishing doctrine that the test of a thing should be whether it works, and the pragmatic ideal came into being. But strangely enough the new doctrine didn't take hold, for just about this time there had come to be in every field of thought a mania for looking for a few basic principles upon which the world and its customs depended. The reasoning was extremely satisfying. Natural laws, few in number and mighty in operation, were in existence. Let these fundamental principles once be discovered and the procedure was simple. By a process of deduction they could be applied upon any and all occasions. Relativity was then the dream of an unborn scientist.

The physicists appropriated theories of gravity, matter and motion, and a material universe was neatly outlined. Philosophers, not to be outdone, likewise got a vision of large and universal principles which once harnessed would solve the problems of mankind. There was in operation a beautiful system of natural law which needed but to be recognized, and henceforth any problem might be solved by deductions made from these general principles. Just as there was no conception of relativity in the minds of the physicists, so there appeared to be no general recognition of the fact that laws for the regulation of human relations might not be applicable to all persons at all times.

The common law of England, the matrix from which our modern laws are fashioned, was a slow outgrowth of long-established customs. The world did not move so rapidly a few centuries ago. Things that people had been accustomed to doing for centuries they came to look upon as being inherently right and proper. Long-established precedents took on the sanctity of law. Regulations that had proved useful to a certain group of people at a certain stage of civilization were regarded as the offshoots of natural law, and tracing back from these twigs the philosophers discovered the main trunk and branches of the system.

HAVE you ever used a mountain for a landmark only to discover that when you retreated a few miles the mighty peak which had dominated the skyline had sunk into insignificance while strange new monsters towered above it, and that it was no longer beautiful but a queer, hump-shaped thing? So long as one stands still the mountain remains true to form, but just start moving and see what happens! Well, that's what happened to the laws. Born of time-honored customs, they fulfilled the needs of a static society, but when life became more and more dynamic a strange misfit became apparent. The unerring landmark was no longer true to form. However, it was easier to throw off rigid customs than to free society of the rigid conception of law which had become fixed in the public mind.

Jeremy Bentham has been dead for a century and during all that time the lag between law and life has been getting greater and greater. In the last century life has been developing, intensifying, expanding, so that the ideals and customs of one generation are slipped into the discard by the next. But while life has been doing all this, law has lagged behind. It is the purpose of the newly created Institute of Law of the Johns Hopkins University to help take up the slack.

THE Institute will examine the very foundations upon which law rests. It will approach the study of human laws not as God-given dicta or the application of eternal principles, but as "devices, tools which society uses as one of its methods to regulate human conduct and to promote those types of it which are regarded as desirable." Now, if we can free our minds of existing concepts and think of laws as mere "tools," consider the immense field of action that is immediately opened up. Tools may be criticized, evaluated, perfected, even discarded, and the process does not have to be deferred until they grow obsolete from lack of use. Lawyers have been trained as "operators" of the law. There has been no provision for bringing the "law into adjustment with conditions as they exist today or in checking unwise ventures in legislation." The "tool" making has proceeded at random, so that now the law under which we live is so voluminous and complex that none of us can comprehend it, although each is accountable for violations. It has been estimated that in one state alone there are 42,000 laws, that a code of federal statutes would call for not less than 17,000 sections, that in one year 62,000 statutes were passed in the United States.

A Herculean task awaits the founders of the new Institute of Law. How can order be brought out of chaos? How can laws be made flexible enough to fit the changing needs of a dynamic society and at the same time be kept rigid enough to insure protection? Scarcely less of an innovation than the pioneer attempt to evaluate laws on the basis of workability is the decision to go outside the legal field and seek the assistance of experts in economics, psychiatry, psychology, criminology and other fields, in the study of particular problems.

It seems peculiarly fitting that the attempt to make law scientific should be carried out in the Johns Hopkins University which is proud of its record as a pioneer in research. The same institution which gave birth to the now world-famous medical school (at its inception called "visionary and impractical") welcomes the opportunity to develop another field also fraught with tremendous social consequences.

The immediate plans for the undertaking are impressive and reassuring. First, there is the "originating" faculty, composed of four scholars, three of whom are jurists and the fourth an economist. All have lengthy records of productive scholarship. They are assisted by specially qualified research assistants. Highly trained specialists in various fields will be temporarily added to the staff from time to time to assist in particular projects. (*Continued on page* 253)

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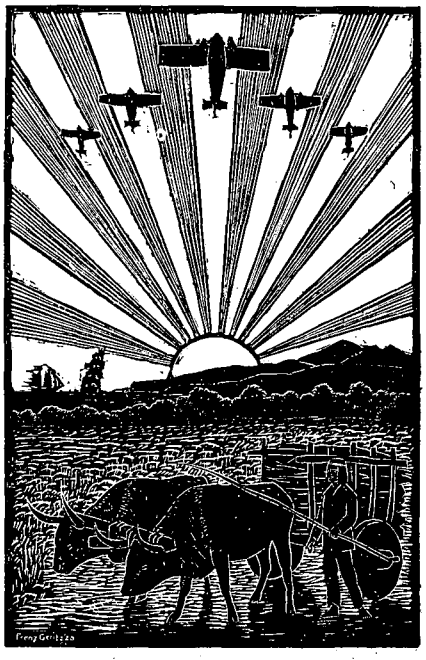
A Week-End School

By HUBERT PHILLIPS



Woodcut by Franz Geritz for Oxcart to Airplane, a volume by Rockwell Dennis Hunt and William Sheffield Ament in the series, California, edited by John Russell McCarthy. Powell Publishing Company, Los Angeles

HAS anyone ever heard of the governor of one of the great states of this Union addressing a group of citizens of his state and then, instead of closing his address with a patriotic peroration designed to bring forth tumultuous applause, close it by inviting questions and criticisms from the audience? Such a sight might have been witnessed at the Tulare Adult Week-End School in February, when Governor C. C. Young of California spoke before the general session of the school on State Government Finances.

Such a meeting, even with the governor of the state as speaker, did not strike the citizens of Tulare as strange; because for three years they have been attending the Adult Week-End School where no one, however famous or learned he may be in a particular field of knowledge, is permitted to present his favorite topic without his auditors having the opportunity to ask questions and even to present a dissenting point of view. This, mark you, not in a sophisticated urban community but in a typically rural community centering around a thriving town of 5,000 inhabitants (see Survey-Graphic, February, page 524).

Three years ago the idea was conceived of bringing to the Tulare community a cultural and informing program on six successive Friday nights in mid-winter. (There really is a difference between summer and winter in California.) From the beginning there was no doubt in the minds of those organizing the school—the superintendent of schools and the director of adult education—as to the method to be employed: presentation, questions, discussion, dissent.

IN order to reach the variety of interests which are to be found among the people of any community, the programs each year have been carefully devised, though the general scheme of almost all the meetings has been the same. At five-thirty in the afternoon some speaker, distinguished in a particular field, presents his assigned subject. There follows at six forty-five a community supper served in the highschool cafeteria. Following the supper comes the only entertainment feature on the program, forty minutes of music or drama prepared and presented by local talent. Then comes what many feel is the most important part of the program. The large audience, from two to three hundred, which has attended the general session, the dinner, the entertainment, together with others who have come to the school by eight o'clock, is broken up into six special-interest groups. The personnel of these groups is determined solely by the wishes of those attending. One is free to attend the group which most appeals to him. Moreover, one may attend a particular group this week and a different one the next week. There is no regimentation or compulsion. Interest alone determines attendance.

At the 1930 Adult Week-End School, which occupied the last four Fridays of January and the first two Fridays of February, the special-interest groups were: mutual problems of agriculture and business; history of California; parents' forum; great epochs in our country's history; trends in modern literature.

Two different plans were followed this year in regard to the leadership of the special-interest groups. In some cases the leader of the group was simply a presiding officer whose chief duty was to introduce the speaker and to conduct the discussion which followed. In other cases, as for example with the history of California, the leader, a young college professor, both presented the subject for consideration and conducted the discussion. In either case, the speaker of the evening was expected to take not more than half the allotted time (the special-interest groups met promptly at eight-fifteen and closed promptly at nine-thirty) leaving the rest of the period for discussion.

A brief statement concerning some of the special-interest groups will be of value. At previous sessions of the Adult Week-End School there have been separate groups for the business men and the ranchers. This year, in recognition of the mutual interests of the two groups, they were united. On the last night of the school the governor of the state, who had spoken earlier in the evening at the general session, conducted a discussion with this group on the subject, California's Problems: Land and Water. Only a resident of the southwestern United States can realize the interest and importance of such a topic, and only a devotee of adult education can fully appreciate how edifying is the sight of the governor of a great state engaging in a "rough and tumble" discussion of economic and political policies.

A glance at the statistics issued by the United States Department of Agriculture will show Tulare County as one of the greatest producers of creamery products in the United States. Within the past three years there has occurred in that county an agricultural change which some thoughtful men look upon with alarm. The county has gone "cotton crazy," resulting in the plowing up of thousands of acres of alfalfa and the attendant sale of many dairy herds. This situation furnished the background for one of the most vigorous discussions in the agricultural-business group. The writer, who was known to have pronounced ideas on such unfortunate social results of cotton culture as child labor, women's labor, and submerged standards of living, was asked to leave his group for one evening in order to lead a discussion before the agricultural-business group on the social and economic effects of the cotton industry. The injection of such a controversial subject in the program shows, as nothing else can do, the very (*Continued on page* 249)

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The New Ebb and Flow of Industry

By JULIUS H. BARNES

A TIME has arrived in America when you can talk a new economics to 120,000,000 people and treat a great national crisis in a new way. A people, 55 per cent of whose youth between 14 and 18 are enrolled in high-schools today, with every indication that in a few years 75 per cent will be able to pass through that training school. A people that has so advanced in living standards and achievement that we have 55,000,000 savings accounts, 65,000,000 holders of life insurance and 20,000,000 owners of stock in America's incorporated industrial units. A people to whom through the motion picture, to an audience of 15,000,000 a day, the news of the world is flashed on the screen or presented through the voice.

The National Business Survey Conference has been an effort in a practical way to conduct a really novel social experiment under these new conditions. Those who originated its work last fall and have prosecuted it since, have felt that our people have reached a stage of intelligence and self-restraint, of courage and resourcefulness where the main requirement is to ascertain the facts accurately and translate them for the guidance of the individual judgment.

Now, it is clear if America's highly complex industrial and commercial machine shall continue to function in an orderly manner, that from this 120,000,000 of people there must be lifted so far as possible the deadening fear of unemployment. Our point of attack was at two places. Large industry, which manifestly could not continue its orderly production of goods beyond the current market absorption, should be encouraged to provide employment by overhauling and expanding its facilities for production and service in anticipation of the requirements in the years to come of a great and advancing people. At the same time, average men whose daily purchases keep the wheels of industry moving, should be relieved as far as possible of the fear of losing their daily wage, and go on with the orderly conduct of their lives.

We had had a tremendous shock. The fall in security values resulted in actual loss or in paper losses within a period of a few weeks of at least $20,000,000,000. You cannot strip wealth like that out of the known resources of a people without a shock. There was danger that lack of confidence would spread into a slowing up of the fundamental industries which furnish the basis for normal living. Three months or four months or six months would be a short period of time for so highly complex an industrial structure to take up such a shock. But while three or six months is a short period in the life of industry, it is a long time for a man out of a job.

We have need to study this winter's experience so that within prudent judgment, within the functions of sound commercial practice, employing industry may take stock of its human responsibility and frame measures for future use. I take it that the great service of such an organization as Survey Associates is that it collects the best examples of proven experiment. Such a demonstration, for example, as Colonel Procter's guaranteeing steady employment forty-eight weeks of the year, stamps him as one of the great industrial leaders.[1] It may be said that he has been fortunate in his field with its year-round demand on the part of the consuming public, and that other industries cannot apply the same formula. One wonders, of course, how these industrial efforts and social advances have to be timed with certain meeting points and factors. For instance, twenty years ago there might not have been the opportunity to sustain forty-eight weeks steady operations in the making of soap, because twenty years ago in my own home state, northern Minnesota, most people sewed their underwear on in October and wore it until April. But habits and seasons and market demands are after all only so many factors in the problem which industrial, no less than commercial, leadership must meet and it is the intelligence and resourcefulness, initiative and imagination of such leaders that find the time and the way in which they can make effective a real advance in social security.

THE whole problem of unemployment has many phases which as practical men we must take into account in strengthening the social structure of the America of today. Certain of these phases I want to present with very sober consideration, even though the philosophy of realism itself may seem to close the door to the absolute elimination of unemployment.

Seasonal unemployment we must naturally expect, particularly that which is based on cycles of heat and cold as in building construction. Care and study will reduce the period of unproductive idleness, but we may not be able to displace it entirely. Moreover, such as is unavoidable because of the round of nature over which man has little control, should not be classed as unemployment at all. Skilled constructors, for example, who must earn 365 days' maintenance in 200 or 250 working days must have annual earnings

[1] Ivorydale: A Payroll That Floats, by Beulah Amidon, Survey Graphic for April.

Hoover Looks Ahead

"The whole range of our experiences with this boom and slump should be placed under accurate examination, with a view to broad determination of what can be done to achieve greater stability for the future both in prevention and in remedy. If such an exhaustive examination meets with general approval, I shall, when the situation clears a little, move to organize a body—representative of business, economics, labor and agriculture—to undertake it."—From the address May 1, by President Hoover before the Chamber of Commerce of the United States.

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sufficient for year-round homes. Calculated thus, their days of forced idleness do not count as unemployment in its real sense.

Technological unemployment is inherent in a fluid economic epoch. Unemployment which results incidentally from the substitutions of science and invention by which the productivity of every pair of hands is greatly increased, is not in itself a social evil. Yet, however the process may contribute to our aggregate wealth, such technological displacement bears with great distress on the affected individual.

Here lies the stimulus to modern industrial leadership, that it shall find a way to cushion individual distress without deflecting the vital forces which drive our living standards progressively higher. We may imagine that in a primitive society where the utmost aspirations of a man do not extend beyond food, shelter and clothing, there is little problem of unemployment as we know it. But where a man's aspirations and his daily needs rise to the level of demanding service by telephone, radio, and automobile, where housing expectations have risen from merely a roof overhead to include the refinements of bathroom, hygiene, and sanitation, where customary clothing means no longer the perennial sheepskin coat but enters a phase of rayon and silk, where he expects at all seasons the refrigerated and transported food products of other lands, then we have a structure so delicate that even momentary dislocation means widespread distress.

HERE again it is a challenge to modern leadership that our scheme of compensation shall be such that every grade of worker shall share in the increased productivity on which such advanced living standards rest; and that facing the possibility of inventive displacement he shall possess the opportunity to maintain reserves and savings from his earnings to cushion against the rainy day. Americans admittedly possess the highest living standard in the world. Our average earnings per worker of every grade, our average of standard possession and use, run far beyond our contemporaries. But this inevitably means a delicacy in the balance of industry which requires the keenest study and attention.

If we should go back to the census of 1900 we should find classifications of industries and employment which are entirely omitted from the census of 1930. The occupations of blacksmith and wheelwright are lost completely, while others have by the march of inventive displacement shrunk to insignificance. We find evidence of distress in the evolutionary changes of great basic industries on which thousands of workers still depend for employment and livelihood. The spinning and weaving of wool and the manufacture of woolen garments, especially outer coats, has shrunk in these recent years with the wider introduction of the closed car and the heated home. Cotton in all its branches felt its displacement in the wardrobe of our women as their standards rose to the level of silk and as the fashion for women's garments changed completely. Today, bituminous coal with its 600,000,000 tons per year, feels the competition of hydro-electric power, feels the competition of natural gas transported in thousand-mile pipe lines, and feels besides the improved firing devices by which today one and a half pounds of coal produce the same kilowat of energy which required three or four pounds not long ago. The industries that ten years ago satisfied a widespread public use of grindstones and phonographs and whips and fishing nets and corsets and carriage materials, feathers and plumes and woodenware, all show today an emaciation which renders them almost unrecognizable as the prosperous industries of only a decade ago.

But while this shrinkage of over-marched industries goes on, we find the growth and new vitality of other industries. Automobiles, rubber tires, and refined petroleum are the output of new industries that base themselves upon limitless human aspirations stirred by the suggestions of invention and buoyed up by a constantly rising buying power which enlarges the circle of potential users. Basic industries like blast furnaces and steel mills, which serve the manifold needs of new industries, constantly enlarge their product and at a lesser rate increase their working forces.

I HAVE pictured the interplay of robust birth and fading existence during so short a period as only this last decade. You can yourself extend it in a thousand ways under your own observation. In such a fluid, seething industrial tide the individual worker may be tossed to and fro. He may find himself riding upon the crest of a new wave of employment and compensation which raises his individual fortunes beyond his wildest dreams, or he may be caught in the ebb and bruised against the tide rocks of adversity.

But surely the evolution of the American home, the widened circle of its acquirements and attainments, the freedom of its children for education and culture and travel, the new security against illness and suffering—all these are gains in the aggregate which make us treasure our economic and social structure beyond any possible misunderstanding. It is a distorted judgment indeed which would rate the low level of primitive living as contributing nearly as much to human happiness, contentment and security. This does not mean to accept in blind acquiescence the inevitable ills of dislocation which we denote as unemployment. It means rather that, setting a true and precious value upon this structure, we shall strive to cure its defects and to minimize its evils.

If we have raised a complex and delicate fabric of industrial and social life more precious than the level of simple living of our fathers, then we must certainly not expect to apply therein the same crude principles of employment relations which sufficed for that early and primitive day.

In the construction of wage scales and the philosophy of employment relations, we have progressed a long way from the days of Adam Smith. We have passed through the stage of low wage-scales with labor adjusting itself as a commodity to the demand; passed through the stages when the demand was for a living wage, and then for a saving wage, and finally have achieved the stage when we recognize the right for a reasonable division of the increased productivity of the worker served by machines and power. That philosophy and practice are bearing fruit.

WHEN the employers of America last December, at the request of the President of the United States, gave assurance that they would not seek to lower wage scales during this period of unemployment, it was a recognition of the fair attitude of labor itself and of the new principles of employment relationships. If those scales had been forced upon employers by the domination of organized demands and not as a measure of increased productivity, certainly this unemployment crisis would have been used to cut wages.

The employers of America who have voluntarily taken such advanced ground in preserving the scales of compensation for workers, may be relied upon to recognize both the economic and social value of stabilizing employment by every reasonable method. The spread of knowledge of improved methods and practice can be facilitated by such discussion and presentation as have been furthered by Survey Associates.

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At Home with Graham Taylor

By JOHN PALMER GAVIT

THE first name that caught my eye and ear, when as a very young newspaper man I went to Hartford, was that of Graham Taylor. An unusual name—it had about it a certain "punch"; directness and simplicity. I came upon it in a list of local ministers—"the Rev. Dr." This, "the Rev." That, and so on . . . "and Graham Taylor." Without any handle at all; as if just a *man* devoid of title or any kind of epaulets had strayed in among fellows who had to be labelled "reverend" or you might not have suspected it.

"Who is this among the prophets—this Graham Taylor?" I asked of one of my colleagues depended upon to enlighten me about the local "Who's Who and Why." "What's he doing in this bunch of preachers? Is he a minister?"

"Oh, yes, he's a minister. Pastor—one of the two pastors, in fact—of the Fourth Church. Congregational, but that doesn't mean anything special to him; he's what you might call inter-denominational."

"Isn't he as reverend as any of 'em?"

"He sure is. It should read 'the Rev. Dr.' or 'Professor.' Proof-reader asleep at the switch, as usual. But Taylor won't care. If you want to entitle him at all, you call him 'Doctor' Taylor; but mostly he's just Graham Taylor. Everybody knows him—a man, and a darned human good fellow at that. You'll like him."

So it turned out. It was a notable compliment, for a "regular fellow"; a preacher whom newspaper men not only respected and admired but *liked*, which is a different thing. From the reporter's point of view, there are ministers who have to be approached with a step-ladder, or across an ice-field; some to whom you have to wade with galoshes through mush and gush; others who seem to feel that they must meet a newspaper man in the gutter. Taylor did, and does now, none of these things; you feel in him a man of human understanding whose ministry is not his business but *himself*. Or, rather, *both* his business and his life. His religion, his preaching, his citizenship, his human contacts generally, all one thing; not divisible into "sacred" and "secular." I heard him say once in reply to a protesting inquiry:

"Why, no, I didn't know I *had* an immortal soul; I always have supposed that I *was* one."

It was this humanness, this entire absence of official pose, of having one eye always on the mirror to see if some "spiritual function" was on straight for the beholder's eye, that drew me to him. That and the fact that his idea of religion, however he might define it, was just as applicable to industrial and social relations as to doings in and of churches and Sunday schools. It was not that he lowered any standard but that he meant to raise the things of common life up to where he stood himself. There was about him, there is now, a certain somewhat austere dignity; he is quite incapable of any flippancy—life is too serious a business with him for that—but he has a keen sense of humor, and whatever may be his idea of any sort of Heaven hereafter, it has both its foundations and the waiting-list of membership here on earth. One of the books which has most profoundly influenced him is Canon Fremantle's The World the Subject of Redemption. In and for the world of here and now Graham Taylor has worked unceasingly. By temperament he is gregarious, I can't imagine the word "exclusive" meaning anything desirable or commendable to him; the gamut of his friendship runs in all directions. Once being by chance nearby at Fishkill-on-Hudson, I made a little pilgrimage back into the country to Hopewell Junction where Taylor had his first pastorate. The railroad switchman at the Junction, an Irish Catholic, said to me:

"Reverend Taylor? Yes, I knew him. Many's the time he stopped right here to pass the time of day. A fine man that, none the less for him bein' a Protestant. I mind it was him told the priest about me wife bein' sick."

The first time I saw Graham Taylor (my curiosity about this man the newpaper men liked led me to hunt him up pretty soon) he was standing in his pulpit in the old Fourth Church with his fellow pastor Henry H. Kelsey; he was beating time with gusto while the big congregation sang Throw Out the Life-Line, or something of the sort. And in his sermon later he sounded the battle-cry to which all his life was marching and still marches:

"You can't save the souls of the children down in Charles street, without taking notice of the Charles street muck in which they have to be born."

THE idea was new to me. And it had not been so very long since it was new to him. He had got into trouble in his pastorate there at Hopewell Junction by protesting against the customary political corruption; he was naively astonished at the indignant reaction of some of his parishioners engaged therein, to his "dragging religion into politics." And when he went to Hartford out of the country ministry, out of the denomination (Reformed Dutch) into which he had been born of a long line of ministers, he did so because he had begun to realize that social conditions must be the concern of those who would uplift mankind, and that the crux of the church's problem lay in the crowded and increasingly congested cities.

He left the Fourth Church pulpit to become Professor of Practical Theology in Hartford Theological Seminary because he felt the call to infect the forthgoing ministry with this sense of the church's opportunity and duty. He went from Hartford to the chair of Christian Sociology in Chicago Seminary because that seemed to offer a still wider field to cultivate. And it was as a coherent and essential part of that enterprise—in fact an inseparable condition of his acceptance of it—that he went with his family to live in one of the most densely congested parts of the Chicago of that day. He made his students go there, many of them joined him in residence from time to time. Now those fellows, inoculated with his ideas and his enthusiasm, are scattered far and wide. To them and upon many other occasions he used to quote the verse—I never have seen or heard it elsewhere, I do not know its author nor whether this quotation of it from memory is accurate:

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The parish priest of Austerlitz
Climbed up a high church steeple
To be nearer God; so he might hand
His Word down to the people.

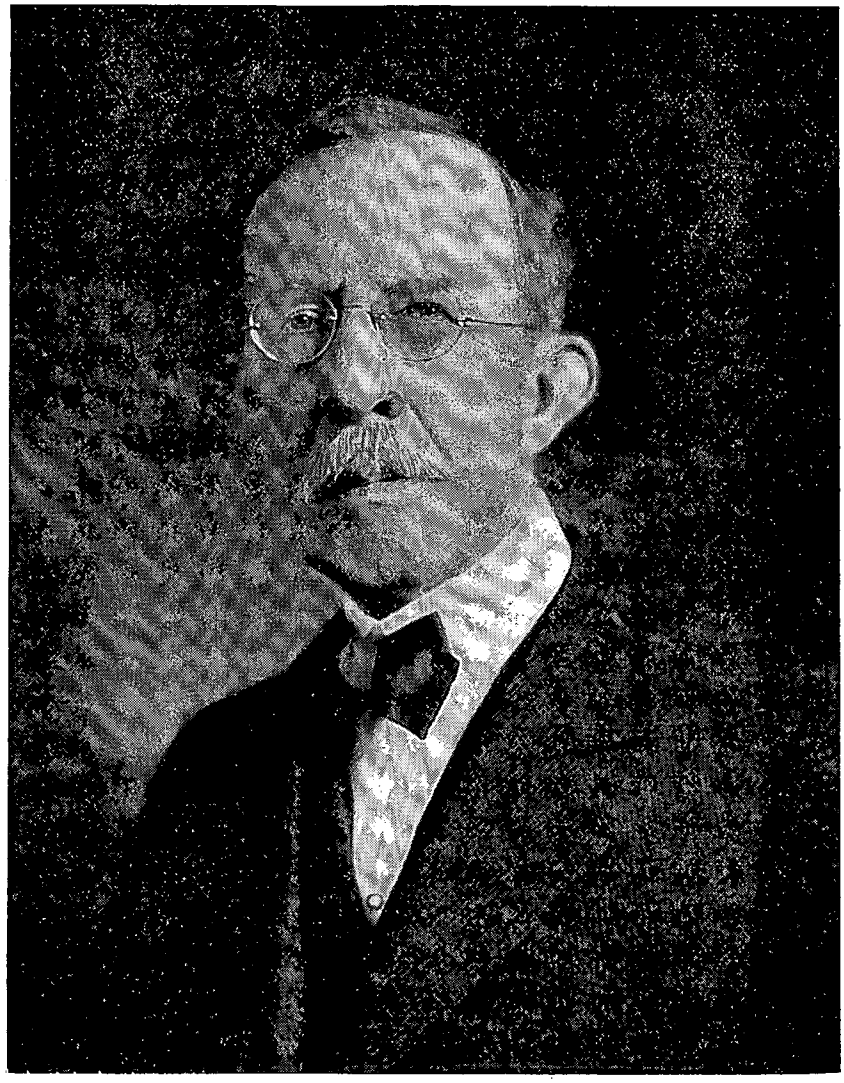
In sermon script he daily wrote
What he thought was sent from Heaven,
And dropt it down on the people's heads
Two times, one day in seven.

In his age, God said: "Come down and die!"
He cried, from out the steeple,
"Where art Thou, Lord?" And God replied,
"Down here, among the people!"

The church in which I found him, beating time both literally and symbolically, was one of the first—anyway the first in my acquaintance—of the great "institutional" churches; a humming hive of activities so various and so incessant that you might say the place was never closed. The friendliness which he embodied and exuded saturated it. It operated like those fish-traps, contrived for one-way traffic. However unobtrusively you might slip within its gates, in getting out you ran a gauntlet of welcome and invitation calculated to land you in absorbingly active membership. That is precisely what happened to us.

Situated on a stategic corner of Main Street in the center of Hartford's business life, it was ready, when Taylor came, to die of dry-rot; or rather to follow out into some charming "residential" district the more prosperous members of the congregation.

"What do you mean, 'residential'?" Taylor demanded. "For every family moving out of here, two are moving in. This church is in the heart of a 'residential district' that needs it more than ever before. Let us stay right here and attend to our job." It seems obvious enough now; it is hard to realize how sensationally unusual it was then. Before he saw Mrs. Humphry Ward's Robert Elsmere or Elizabeth Stuart Phelps's A Singular Life, which stirred the dove-cotes and the stagnant pools a generation ago, Taylor was dramatizing them and awakening the same reactions. His efforts to translate his religion and that of his church into the terms of the common life was gaped and frowned upon. To the characteristic chill and reticence with which New England respectability habitually receives the newcomer was added hostility, resentment of his whole scheme of activity; not the least of his stirring of peaceful dust gathered upon pulpits and under the easy-going feet of the ministry. Slumbering consciences were disturbed by his call to preachers and to churches to look up from theology, to come out of the study, and to take account of life.



Graham Taylor, "the conscience of Chicago"

Religion is not an austere, esoteric, personal isolation into which one may retire from the world, Taylor said; not an end but a beginning. In the first sermon of his that I heard he was saying, as he had said a thousand times before and has said a thousand times since:

"One must be 'right with God,' to be sure; but becoming right with God—what next? Now that we have acquired spiritual health, what are we going to do with it? What except to set about God's business?"

"Religion is relationship." Here it is in his own words:

I have found "relationship" to be the one term interpretatively interchangeable with "religion." I sought and first used this term to interpret religion to men who claimed to be hostile to it. I told them everyone of them had a religion of his own, whatever he might call it; that it consisted of his own ideals of his relationship to God and fellow-men; that the Christian religion is essentially the ideal which Jesus had of relationship to God as father and to men as brothers; that only in so far as any of his followers actually practice those relationships and strive to realize them more completely are they really Christian; and that however rites and ceremonies, sacraments and creeds, may express and impress religious experiences and aspiration, religion itself is relationship to God and man.

Both strength and weakness have been given to Taylor's work from the beginning by the fact that he has been first, last and all the time, a *minister* of the Christian gospel; not only professionally and officially but personally —*con amore*. That "certain somewhat austere dignity" to which I have referred belongs, I think, to that aspect of his life; colors and subtly limits him in his contacts with Tom, Dick and Harry. Great as is his human understanding, there is a point beyond which it cannot go. There are human weaknesses which he readily forgives and seeks to help; but he never could really understand them—nor can anyone who has not both experienced and fallen. He says that he cannot remember ever thinking of himself in any other profession; he did not select the ministry—it selected him. Apparently he never passed through any uncertainty about it; never sowed any kind of "wild oats"; never indulged in any of the ordinary boyhood indecencies or ribaldries; nor, so far as I ever could learn, passed through any period of moral or

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spiritual turmoil. As a child he was terribly lonely and awe-struck in the church, but he never rebelled against it, and religion in his home was so warm and lovely a thing that the loneliness never chilled his own spiritual existence. For five years I lived very close to him and saw intimately his family life; it continued vitally that which he had lived under his father's roof.

His loyalty to the church has been to the church of his own imagination—to the church as he thought it ought to be. And always he has *stayed within.*

> That my moorings to the past held fast to the very conservative influences in which I was born, bred and educated; that at first they only lengthened and never broke in adjusting the harbor anchorage to the rising tide; that in putting forth into the open, bearings were always taken from what was left behind and also from what was far beyond and overhead—these facts throw into bolder relief the difference between what then was, what now is, and what is coming to be.

IT is this loyalty to old things regarded as fundamental, together with the daring to move forward; this courage to set foot upon new ground, sometimes without seeing very clearly the stepping-place, while at the same time keeping the other foot solid, that has made radicals call him "trimmer" and "conservative"; while at the same time the mossbacks were classing him as a firebrand. Really he never was either. He has little concern with theological, liturgical or institutional niceties; is rather impatient of them as if they did not really matter one way or t'other. His is not a hair-splitting mind; often I have heard him say, "Life is larger than logic." My notion is that without knowing it he was a "modernist" before the word got its present vogue; but never have I heard him in preaching or conversation make the slightest allusion that could have classed him definitely with any faction, cult or 'ism. "I'm not any kind of an 'ist," he cried once when somebody flung at him the epithet "Socialist!" "I'm just a man, trying to know the truth and by it be made free. I refuse to be classified!" I doubt his realizing even now how difficult it would be for him, with whatever mental reservation or juggling of terms, to pass today the examination for ordination in any "evangelical" church—least of all in the Reformed Dutch Church in which he was nurtured and smoothly and conventionally began the ministry in which he has moved so far afield.

Perhaps it was from Taylor that I first heard the little girl's definition of faith as "believing what you know ain't so." His faith is of that quality: he is the kind of person who, with adequately intellectual confidence in the laws of nature, going to a meeting to pray for rain, would as a matter of course carry an umbrella. Time and again I have seen him tackle the plainly impossible, and bring it to pass. But withal he is pragmatical; if it doesn't come about—why, it oughtn't to! With the independence of the Irishman's hog-on-ice, "if he can't stand up, b'gorra it's God's will that he should sit." Having done his part about getting the mountain moved, he can sleep like a child, sure that if in the morning it isn't gone, strength will be given him to climb over it.

HE got it into his head that I ought to throw up my good job in Hartford and join him in Chicago Commons, then newly established, looking to the Lord's ravens for the wherewithal. I rode with him all one evening in the sleeper from New York to Albany; he on his way back to Chicago, I to return via Albany to Hartford and think it over. For two mortal hours he filled my ear with the story of the settlement; of its purpose and point of view, its personnel and prospects; of why he hoped my wife and I would join it and be both effective and happy. At last it was my turn. Elaborately and I thought eloquently I set forth my own ifs, ands and buts. I don't know how long it was before I became aware of an accompaniment, softly raucous, persistent, of significance unmistakable. Dead to the world, including me, he was not concerned about my rejoinder. He had done his part, my reasons pro or contra were my affair, not his; if I liked I could go out and argue with the moon. At Albany I left him, oblivious of my rising up, at peace with all creation. What can you do with such a man? Of course there was nothing to do but go home, resign my job and begin packing up for a great adventure. Which I never have regretted.

As evidence prima facie against any divine foreknowledge, however, I always have maintained that if the Almighty had known how long I should have to keep pace with Graham Taylor, handicapped as I am in respect of comparative bifurcation, He surely would have lengthened my legs—or shortened Taylor's. Be that as it may, and despite other divergences hardly less obvious, of temperament, training, experiences all contributing fundamentally to background and points of view; the fact is that among all the persons outside my most intimate circle, and including most of those within it, who have shared responsibility for the making of *me,* no other has been more profoundly, more lastingly influential than this man. During nearly ten years, first at Hartford and then during five years of close association in Chicago Commons, I saw him in action almost daily. In the Fourth Church I found religion a thing not of emotions and theological opinions, but of heart and hands and feet on the earth among men; its workshop the market-place, the home, the scope of human welfare; its business the establishment of right relationships in human life, here and now. In the settlement I acquired whatever I have of social philosophy; I learned that the common denominators in humanity far outweigh the differences; that the lines between rich and poor, class and class, race and race, have nothing to do with that which divides between fundamentally good and evil. I owe chiefly to Graham Taylor the treasures that I got—infinitely more than ever I gave—"through neighbors' doorways," in the Hartford beginnings, in that densely crowded Chicago district of 30,000 human beings of some 38 nationalities within one square mile—and in all the travelings and contacts about the world ever since.

AND, regardless of myself, that was the period during which Graham Taylor was finding himself; when the converging tributaries out of earlier life were forming one stream, settling down into its main channel and direction. Practically everything that he has done and been since was foreshadowed in his Hartford life. Even his residence with his family in that great industrial district. He accepted the call to Chicago Theological Seminary with the specific proviso that such residence, an organic part of his technique of instruction and leadership of men preparing for the ministry, should be a focus for field contacts, experience and research, on the part of himself and his students. In any attempt to understand and appraise him, whether as minister, preacher, civic leader, instructor of ministers, it is impossible to ignore or to exaggerate the importance of this move, which lay in his mind full-visioned; the flower and fulfillment of the spirit that characterized the old Fourth Church. He says of it himself:

> Upon what I have seen, heard and felt at Chicago Commons and forecast thence, my whole life proves to have been pivoted. Chicago Commons is part of me and I am part of it. . . . It and I cannot be accounted for apart. Forth from this center, whence insight and outlook were taken, my story must proceed.
>
> We called our household and its homestead Chicago Commons, in hope that it might be a common center where representatives of the masses and classes could meet and mingle as fellow-men, to exchange their social values in something like a clearing-house for the commonwealth. Here we hoped friendship, neighborship, and fellow-citizenship might form the personal bonds for that social unification which alone can save our American democracy from being cloven under any economic stress and strain. We dreamed

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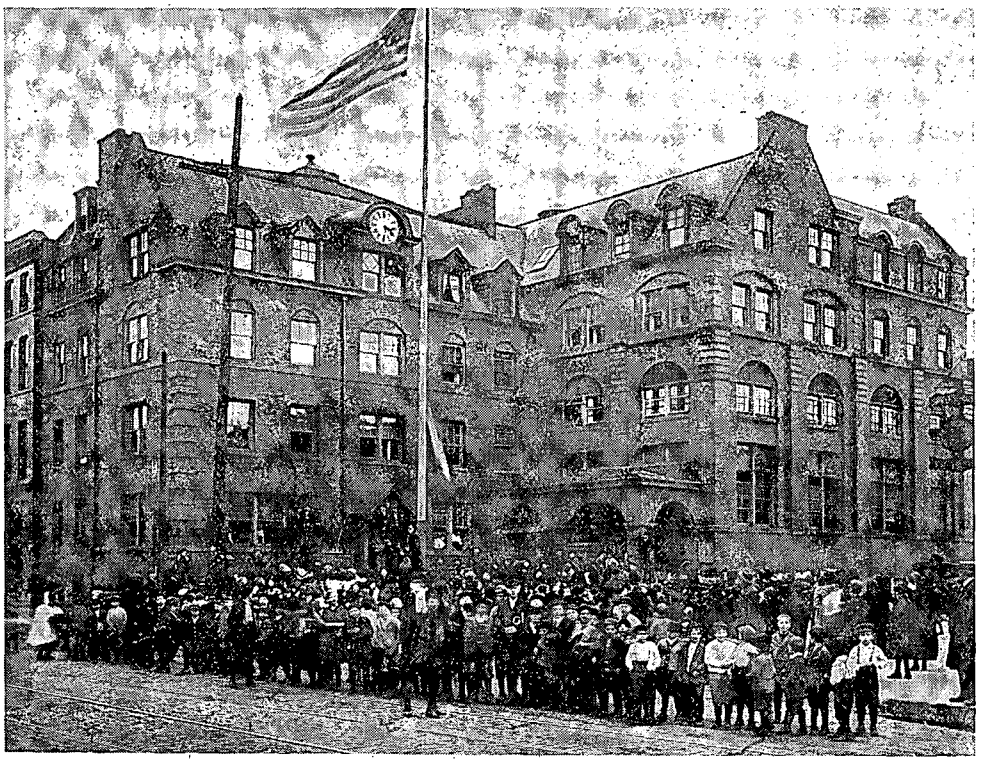
that here the brotherhood of which we talk and sing might be more practically lived out and inwrought, as it must be if Christianity continues to be a living faith and its churches the people's fellowship.

To a man—sometimes to a woman—now and then it is given not only to have had life and career *coincide in time* with a significant epoch, but in considerable degree to have contributed substantially to the *making* of that epoch; to its quality and ensemble. To be able to say, as Aeneas said to Dido, "All of which I saw, and a great part of which I was." Professor Albion W. Small was entering upon his pioneering undertaking at the University of Chicago, lodging there the first Department of Sociology admitted to the organization of any university—in the same month of 1893 when in the neighboring Chicago Theological Seminary Graham Taylor began to teach *Christian* Sociology. Without meaning to attribute unduly exclusive credit to them, it may still be said that to Graham Taylor and the students whom he has inspired and sent forth, first from his work in Hartford, still more from that at Chicago, is greatly due that inoculation of the Protestant churches of America with sociological intelligence, now so deeply assimilated as to be no longer remarkable. The influence has been wider than that. Out of the professorship and the life of the Commons grew the Chicago School of Civics, and a kind of general civic pastorate which led Victor F. Lawson, publisher of The Chicago Daily News, to call Graham Taylor "the conscience of Chicago." For more than a quarter of a century he has contributed weekly to The Daily News a column constituting something like a pulpit, in which with completest freedom he has said his say. I have before me now a letter written to me in January, 1916, in which he says:



Chicago Commons, "a clearing-house for the commonwealth"

. . . on top of the heaviest load of teaching and administration that ever has been piled up on me. I have classes at the University (4 a week) and am on daily duty at the School of Civics not only, but teach the Episcopal and Methodist, Congregational and Baptist divinity students and Congregational *lay* students, plus the Commons, The Survey and The Daily News.

He is a glutton for work. The years—full 80 of them now; he was born in 1850—have compelled him to slow his pace; but awhile ago he wrote me that "my doctor guarantees to keep me alive as long as there is any danger of Big Bill Thompson's coming back."

SOME ten years ago I drew Taylor's attention to the fact that he was an outstanding protagonist of a period, in the life of the Protestant church in America, in the social settlement movement, in "social work" generally, in civic movements. I urged him to set down on paper his memories and impressions; the story of what he had done and been and seen, and of how he "got that way." I doubted his actually doing it; he would rather act and mix in actions than write about himself, even as participant. But here, hot off the press of the University of Chicago, of whose faculty he and the Seminary are now organic parts, is a fine fat volume,[1] from which all of the foregoing quotations are taken. Entitled by the phrase, Pioneering on Social Frontiers, with which always he has described his activities, it is accurate—for two generations this man has been *broadening* the trails ahead of the rank-and-file. He is not a trail-breaker; but has imagination and vision to find substance in the adventurings of those more recklessly radical than he; discrimination to discern between reality and moonshine, together with a certain naïve courage to stand forth and fight for what he sees as the truth, and a canny skill to interpret outrageous extravagance of utterance into a soberer vocabulary. All his life he has been a mediator between extremes. Many a time he has stood serene at hot fighting-points, interpreting in language common to both the apparently irreconcilable ideas of men warring about opposite sides of the same shield.

I HARDLY am the right person to review this book. I cannot tell how much I read into it that may not be there to any other eye. I cannot criticize it, or the man who has written it; I am too much beholden to him, I know him too well and love him too much. But it seems to me beyond question an uncommonly important contribution to the history of social movements in America. Here is something like a bird's-eye view of the Labor-Capital struggle; of the "melting-pot" of races, including the thrilling exhibit of the selective draft as to the loyalty of the foreign-born to their adopted country; of social work in general and the social settlement movement in particular. Here in especial is the history of Chicago during forty years; of her struggle against the down-drag of her worst, to incarnate her best. In all of it you will see Taylor on the fighting-line, a keenly vital spectator, usually a participant, yet minimizing himself while crediting others in almost a directory of the men and women, good, bad and indifferent, who have been active in the phases of life that he has known. As a biography it is hind-side-before, like a movie-reel run backward—at the end, as if dragged in reluctantly, you will find a section in which Taylor tries, without much interest in the task, to account for himself. Whether in the book you will see the Taylor that I have known for forty years, I do not know. That is why I have tried, regardless of the book yet supplementary to it, to draw a picture of the man who wrote it.

[1] Pioneering on Social Frontiers. By Graham Taylor. The University of Chicago Press. 457 pp. Price $4.00 postpaid of Survey Graphic.

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Letters & Life

In which books, plays and people are discussed

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Now for Another Lap

TENTS OF THE MIGHTY, *by Donald R. Richberg. Willett, Clark & Colby, Chicago. 267 pp. Price $2.50 postpaid of Survey Graphic.*

IN his campus days, Donald Richberg won his college letter on the track; and his narrative of American experience has all the resiliency of a relay race. Sheerly as a "true story" it offers rattling good entertainment; but the analogy holds whether we think of it in terms of his own course, baffled in one lap only to swing ahead in the next, or whether we think of it in terms of the changing incarnations of the democratic impulse in our times. These he treats at once warmly, with the zest of a participant, and whimsically, with the philosophic edge a vivisectionist might bring to the nine lives of a cat.

He wrote this history in response to eager insistence that a realistic chronicle of our generation "on the march" should be told through the intimate encounters of one who had spent twenty-five years in the tents of those mighty who, one and another, have assumed to tell us whither we should go. For here in their encampments has been this modern minstrel with a marshal's baton in his hip pocket; a man with a penchant for writing, off and on, political platforms, popular songs, novels, learned articles in legal and economic reviews—and light and serious verses. Surely a lawyer of national reputation, with deeply grounded convictions, who nevertheless is constantly amused at himself and all other humans, pitting themselves against unknown and largely unrealized forces, ought to write history as well as to help make it.

We first discussed the project of this book in that piping time, sufficiently identified by the names of our two first post-war presidents, when the citizenship of these United States seemed to have pitched camp for a long season among the flesh pots of prosperity. They were a bit winded after their charge to make the world safe. It was a period of disillusionment, sophistication, sag. "What is worth fighting for in American life?" we asked of a jury of men and women whose qualification was insight rather than ignorance, and who were conscious of new or resurgent stirrings among men. The juror at the end of our front row proved to be a whole panel in himself. His article must become a series, his series a book. Before him had passed a pageant of strangely mixed leaders in every field of national life—Roosevelt and Newton Baker, Michelson and Insull, Jane Addams and La Follette, Bryan and Darrow. Among them had moved a man of religious faith and skeptic mind, always asking: "Why do we do this?" and "Where do we go from here?" Stored away in his correspondence files and memory were glimpses behind the scenes of great events, that shed a new and engaging light on the forces still struggling to master the thought and to direct the energies of the American people.

Now the story has been written. From limitations of space only a part could be printed in Survey Graphic. It starts in a college fraternity at the turn of the century. It grows quickly into an insider's account of the Progressive movement which came of age in the Roosevelt campaign of 1912, faltered in 1916, died politically when "normalcy" overwhelmed La Follette in 1924. Social issues shifted from the ballot-box, but this Chicago lawyer, still in his forties, put his mark on the railroad-valuation case before the Interstate Commerce Commission and the U. S. Supreme Court, which with its fabulous stakes has proved to be the prime legal battle between owners and users (of property) in our generation. His mark, also, on the development of a new structure of industrial relations in which the government, railway brotherhoods and the operators play their parts. Out of these experiences, out of his contacts with scientists and technicians, he searches out something to take the place of the moralities of Armageddon, the legalities of court action, the cleavages of class conflict.

Here I wish to come back to that analogy of the relay race. In spite of his exceptional qualities, Donald Richberg has gone through essentially the American course. He started at scratch in things of the spirit and the spiked shoes of the young materialists of 1930 line up along the same tape. He was caught up in the political militancy of the first decade of the 1900's, but the second saw him a lap ahead of its older leaders who had not his grasp of the industrial forces which were reconditioning the function of government. The third decade has seen him, with his sentience to scientific advance, a lap ahead of those who cling to an out-moded range of economic solutions. The essential youthfulness of his approach has spanned the three decades in an era of transition; and he is not only ready to strike hands with an oncoming generation, but to run the course in advance of them. The torch he carries into this new decade is a kindling awareness of the dynamic which has stirred all these great currents in our social life—an epic sense of common adventure—the flare for matching innovating word with concerted deed in a sequence of new worlds.

From the first to the last page his is a fascinating prose ballad of the leadership of yesterday and today, shot through with prophetic glimpses of the future that may well inspire others to follow the "new captaincies" under whose standards he hopes that mankind may yet realize some of its "old dreams." Whether they agree or disagree with his philosophy, readers of every variety of social and political faith will enjoy this racy, good-humored tale which he describes with ironic inaccuracy as the biography of an Unknown Soldier.

PAUL U. KELLOGG

Wanted—a Martyr

THE HISTORY OF A CRIME AGAINST THE FOOD LAW, *by Harvey W. Wiley, M.D. Published by the author. 413 pp. Price $2.00 postpaid of Survey Graphic.*

ARE you looking for a career? And if so, would you like to consider that of martyr? Would you like to devote thirty or forty years of your life to struggling for a great cause and almost wholly fail of success? Would you like to be met with abuse and slander all your days, and to have all the great organs of public opinion closed to your defense? Would you like to spend everything you own, and ruin your health, and see in your old age that you have accomplished only a tiny fraction of what you attempted? Such careers are open to many persons in America, and my purpose here is to

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point to one of them. It may not sound alluring, so perhaps I ought to mention the reward—that you may have a chance of saving many millions of human lives, and averting unthinkable suffering from men, women and children who are being poisoned wholesale for profit.

You read about poisoning in the Middle Ages, and in the Crime Club's Book of the Month, and find it gruesome and delightful—because you know that the Middle Ages are over, and that the murder did not really happen. If you saw it happening before your eyes you would not enjoy it so much. If you knew it was being multiplied many millions of times every day, you would surely think that something ought to be done about it. So thought Dr. Harvey Wiley, the author of the book I am telling about; the career I am offering is the one which he will soon have to lay down, because he is an old man and needs some young martyr to come along and take up his burden.

I should think this ought to prove an extremely melancholy book for those liberals who believe in present-day America, who think that day by day, in every way, it is getting better and better. For here is a man who has devoted his entire life to a most important reform, and most of the time has been on the inside, in position to know the exact facts; he shows you that day by day, in every way, America has been getting worse and worse; and the most melancholy fact of all is that the book in which he proves it has apparently fallen still-born from the press. I watch our book reviews closely, and I have not seen a single mention of this book. I tried to get several editors to pay attention to it—but I suppose they too were burdened with too many other causes. So, finally I was moved to lay aside my own writing, and make this feeble effort to find some young martyr to take up the life-work of old Dr. Wiley.

The book is published by the author—which I suppose means that he could not find a publisher willing to share his martyrdom. It is not an especially well-written book; it does not seduce you with any graces of style. But the facts are all in it, if you are willing to plod along; and also, there is a personality, kindly, straightforward, rigidly honest, and as patient as a man can fairly be expected to be in the presence of the wholesale poisoning of his fellow humans. The price of the book is $2, and the author's address is 506 Mills Building, Washington, D. C. So now it is up to you.

Let me summarize as briefly as possible the story which Dr. Wiley tells. He was chief chemist, United States Department of Agriculture, and he chose as his life-work the preventing of the adulterating and misbranding of foods and drugs, and the use of dangerous preservatives and coloring matter. In order to prove his case, he organized the famous "Poison Squad," to test out on the bodies of healthy young men the actual effects of these dangerous chemicals. The passage of an adequate Food and Drug Act was obtained after a long struggle; and the subsequent history of the matter has been a gradual destruction of the law by the process of whittling down here and there and nullifying it by administrative decrees and political trickery.

Every detail of the law, of course, involves large sums of capital which are invested in the wholesale poisoning of the people. Manufacturers of catsup want to put red coal-tar dyes in their product to make it look fresh, and they want to put benzoate of soda into it to keep it smelling fresh. Manufacturers of canned corn want to sweeten it with a coal-tar product, because that is cheaper. Manufacturers of flour want to bleach it to make it look pretty. And so they send their highly paid lobbyists to Washington, and they intrigue and conspire, and they get their way. They appointed a board of review which was able to nullify all Dr. Wiley's decisions; and then they got Congress to refuse appropriations for the Bureau of Chemistry—which, of course, means that the law cannot be enforced.

The result is that the Food and Drugs Act is a dead letter, and the wholesale poisoning of our people has become one of the most prosperous of our industries. Dr. Wiley shows that the United States Supreme Court handed down a decision that "it is not necessary on the part of the government to bring in evidence looking to the actual establishment of injury, and it is not incumbent upon the government to do this." After which decision, the government administrators of the law took the precaution of waiting fifteen months, and then issued a statement announcing that in order to justify prosecutions—in cases of bleached flour—it would be necessary to convict the adulterer of injuring health.

A limit of space was set upon this review, and I have exceeded it. So I will merely say, get Dr. Wiley's book, and read the rest of the story.

UPTON SINCLAIR

Pasadena, California

Beware of the Poets!

POEMS OF JUSTICE, *compiled by Thomas Curtis Clark. 306 pp. Willett, Clark & Colby. Price $2.50 postpaid of Survey Graphic.*

AN ANTHOLOGY OF REVOLUTIONARY POETRY, *edited by Marcus Graham. 353 pp. Marcus Graham, Box 3, West Farms Station, New York. Price $3.00 postpaid of Survey Graphic.*

BEWARE of the poets! They see too deeply; they speak too passionately. They rip their way through the breastworks of our complacency. We are not particularly afraid of prophets. Some we can stone; some we can saw asunder. Neither do we fear the preachers. Some we can make priests, some render impotent with institutional responsibilities. Likewise politicians and technicians. But who can defend us against the poets?

I believe that we might keep this preposterous contraption called the present order going for an indefinite while longer if it were not for the poets. I know that there are a thousand economists and sociologists and political scientists and other "ists" doing good work on its absurdity. But when I have finished reading their statistics, and have nodded approvingly to every last paragraph, I look around at my comfortable surroundings, thank God for the fire on *my* hearth, and refuse to worry about life under less agreeable conditions. These statisticians touch my head (a little), but they never reach my heart.

And that's where the poet comes along and raises Cain with me. Just to the extent that he *is* a poet, he pierces through all my defenses to that inner citadel of the emotions. He may have only a phrase on the point of his spear; he may thrust at me with a stanza or a sonnet. But the thrust goes home.

Well, my present duty is to warn the complacent that they, and all they typify, stand in imminent danger. The poets present lances, burnished bright and tipped with fire; they are charging all along the line. More and more they will find defenders who, like myself, cannot stand against them. The great break-through is coming. The poets are invincible, for theirs is the Living Word, and the order in which we find ourselves is a lie.

To whomever seeks to comprehend the strength of the poets' onslaught, these two anthologies will prove of real worth. They are quite different in conception; strangely enough not more than a dozen of the same poems appear in both books; but the totality of their impact is overwhelming No social order could ultimately survive against such an indictment. No mortal with a normal imagination can fail to respond to the ideals here envisaged. Here we have both the poet as avenger and the poet as architect, and as both he is supreme.

Of the two books, Mr. Clark's seems to me the more effective. Perhaps this is because Mr. Clark, who has participated in the making of several other anthologies, knows how to arrange his material so as to attain maximum effect and give it a maximum usefulness. Mr. Graham's (*Continued on page* 243)

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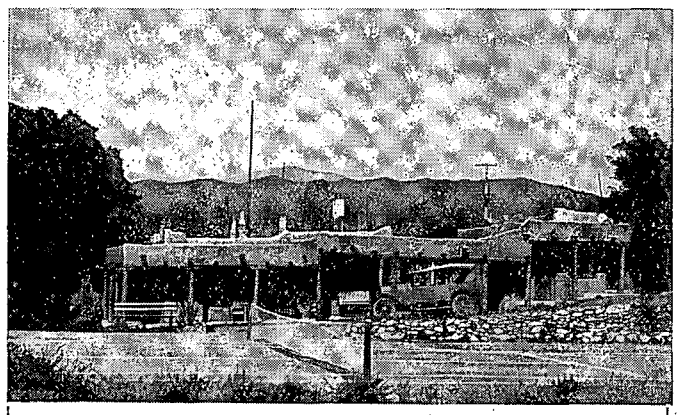
Traveler's Notebook



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Foreign Relations

INTERNATIONAL HOUSE—one hardly knows where to begin: Whether at the beginning, in good old orthodox fashion, with the fact that way back in 1910 Harry Edmonds had the imagination to dream of a center where students from all over the world who come to our overwhelming metropolis, might mingle with each other and American students; a sort of living demonstration that our lofty ideals of international friendship, understanding and peace can be brought down to earth and made real; and in 1924 awoke to find himself director of International House, the spacious building on Riverside Drive, overlooking the Hudson at 124th Street, accommodating 525 "co-eds" in residence, and put there as the gift of John D. Rockefeller, Jr.

Or whether to plunge right into the weekly Sunday suppers, when some 500 residents, members and guests group themselves about the tables to partake of a piece d'resistance which is the national dish of one of its sixty races and nationalities. To discuss with eagerness, and without sensitiveness or embarrassment, where your fellows hail from; something of the traits and trends and contrasts of these countries; why they're here, and what are their plans for the future. To enjoy a program of national music or dances, and a timely talk. These brief "get togethers"—from six to seven-thirty—are a cultural feast.

Whether to go into the many other activities—national nights, International Student Assembly, Far East and social problems, art, music, literature, dramatics, religions and science, Friday teas; or just bespeak a personal visit.

Even projects have a way of multiplying; so that those closer to the Pacific than the Atlantic Coast, will welcome the news that the University of California is giving rise to a second International House; likewise persons of farflung horizons in the Middlewest will rejoice in the coming of a third house in Chicago.

And the same godfather is attending a fourth at the Cité Universitaire in Paris, which is in itself an interesting venture. Due to the efforts of Senator André Honnorat of France, the site of one of the fortifications and other land amounting to seventy-five acres in all, was secured not for workmen's model dwellings, but for students. As he put it, "Workingmen are always with us. What about the students who come to Paris from all over the world? Ever since the days of Abelard in the Middle Ages, when they lived in mud huts outside the city walls, they have had wretched lodgings. Let's do something for them. They will be bearers of culture and messengers of peace." Private and governmental funds have already made possible thirteen hostels accommodating some 1800 students. Their goal is to build for 5,000 and more. Each national group lives in its own separate building. In late April American House was opened. The Paris International House, which is to be a general meeting-place and recreational center, will integrate this largest of international student communities.

It is to be hoped that Mr. and Mrs. Edmonds' conception of an International House on the banks of the Hudson will have a far-flung replica at other important international student centers. If in California, Paris and Chicago, why not London, Berlin and Geneva? Why not Boston, Edinborough and Vienna? Why not Philadelphia, Rome and Tokyo? To link up the way-

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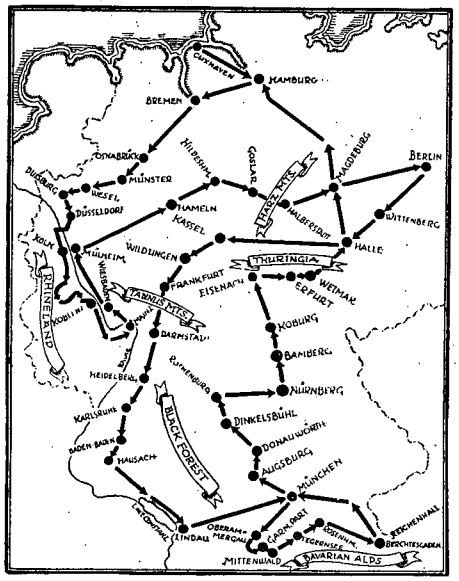
stations of migrating students so that they may become co-operating traffic centers on the great highway to world peace and understanding, is a superlative concept.

Vacation Suggestions: Germany

"SUMMER in Germany," said Mark Twain, "is the perfection of the beautiful." Here is a glamorous trail that winds around the centuries, up along the present, and off into the future—for Germany is pioneering on several fronts.

Let's start at Hamburg or Bremen, the up-to-the-minute ports from which the great new ocean liners come, and go south to a district of fairy tale towns, with their medieval timber houses: Hildesheim, Goslar, Hameln, and to the Brocken—in the Harz Mountains—where Goethe found the Witches Dancing Ground for his Faust. Cologne may be known to most for its cathedral, but across the bridge that spans the river is an old military barracks which has become the seat of a museum dramatizing the industrial development of the region. For it is in such contrasts that modern Germany excels. Steel mills, chemical works, coal mines in the Ruhr and lower Rhine, and then 100 miles of towns saturated with romance—Bonn, home of Beethoven, Rheinstein, Stolzenfels, the Lorelei Rock. Here is ancient and modern Frankfurt, so popular with Americans as to have a special Frankfurt-America Museum; there Heidelberg, city of the Student Prince, and the Black Forest. Here is Friedrichshafen, home port of the Zeppelins, and there Nuremberg, toy town, and Rothenburg-on-the-Tauber, "the city that time forgot." Here is Richard Wagner's Bayreuth at festival time, and there Leipzig, scene this year of an International Fur and Hunting Exposition. Here is Dresden, third among art centers; Munich, with its industrial museum, which New York, Philadelphia and Chicago are using as the model for their new projects; Danzig, with its gabled roofs and smoldering sense of injustice at its isolation since the peace settlement. Old and new everywhere.



We cannot do better than wind up our trip of contrasts with a visit, on the one hand, to the Spreewald, where the streets are rivers and the avenues canals, and where the Wendish population still wear their picturesque costumes of ages ago; and on the other, to Berlin, yesterday the capital of empire, today the focus of the new republic.

(German Tourist Information Office, 665 Fifth Ave., N. Y.)

The German Institute for Foreigners at the University of Berlin offers to Americans from July 10 to August 20 courses in the language, literature, history, art, sociology and philosophy of Germany. Also, the Prague Summer School is giving a course in Central European civilization, with special emphasis on Czechoslovakia, from July 21 to 30. The Institute of International Education, 2 West 45 Street, New York, will be glad to furnish further information.

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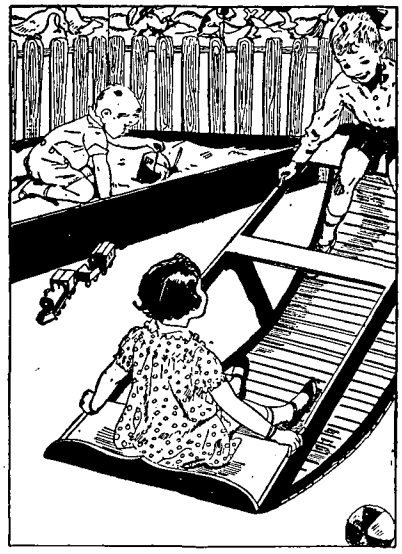

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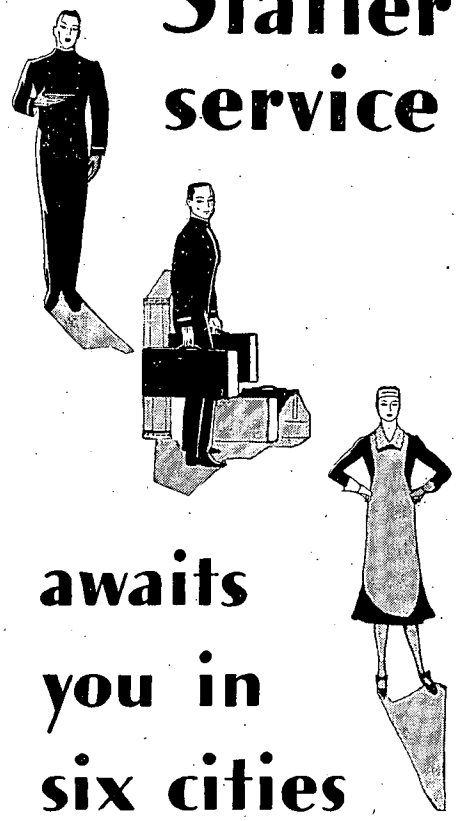

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book arranges his poets in unimaginative alphabetical order. Mr. Clark has a regular progression of ideas. His first part depicts a Panorama of the Poor. This produces The March of Revolt. In this men are welded into Brothers All. And at the end they find their feet advancing together toward Dreams and Goals. I believe, too, that the Clark book gathers effectiveness because it is not dedicated to any special form of salvation. Mr. Graham has named his book with absolute fidelity —he believes that the only redress from our present ill state is absolute revolution. Hence, his poets sing for revolution all up and down the line. Revolution even in our eating, for vegetarianism is here preached as a requirement of justice! But in Clark there is a devastating picture of the injustice of the present, an inescapable demand that justice shall be done, and an equal demand that justice shall not only come but shall also march toward lofty goals.

This book has the advantage of being by one himself a poet. He has searched all sorts of out-of-the-way sources for his material, but his poet's ear has seldom played him false. Mr. Graham in many places sacrifices poetry to his zeal for revolution. But both are fine productions. The Clark book in particular echoes the authentic drumbeat of the advancing armies of a new age. Men who hear that sound will know that the injustices of the present are doomed.

The Christian Century — PAUL HUTCHINSON

The Humanist Hope

THE QUEST OF THE AGES. *by A. Eustace Haydon. Harpers. 243 pp. Price $2.50 postpaid of Survey Graphic.*

ABOUT once a month somebody takes his typewriter in hand to inform a breathless universe that religion is on its last legs; that in a few weeks at most all such childish concepts as God, prayer, and immortality will be laid away, without benefit of clergy, to their long sleep that knows no waking. The general tone of such writings is pessimistic, trivial, flippant, and uninformed. The authors frequently reveal a startling lack of contemporary information about religion.

But not this author. Professor Haydon is no callow Ph.D. from some fifth-rate fresh-water college. He is a man grown elderly in the business of teaching comparative religion at the University of Chicago. He is no unchurched and bitter outsider; he is a sweet and lovable and hard-working insider. Verily, when the conventional concepts and terms and phrases of religion are called in question by such a man as this, the world of religion would better sit up and pay some attention.

The key to this man's character and point of view is found in the fact that he never calls it "comparative religions"—plural —but rather "comparative religion," singular. There are, for him, not a group of religions—Judaism, Christianity, Buddhism, Taoism, etc.—but only religion, the same, basically, everywhere and in all times. All the organized forms of it are variations upon the same theme. His religion, that is to say, is the religion of humanity. He is a humanist. God, for him, is no Person; but only a term used to summarize those values which form the "quest of the ages" for the "noblest ideals of living." And all such values are purely human, never divine. They are finite, never infinite. They are mortal, never immortal. They are changeable, evolutionary, relative; never absolute. The idea of God is a crutch; throw it away. Immortality is a hope; do not waste too much time with it. Revelation and inspiration are forms of abnormal psychology; be normal and forget them. The thing that matters is not the next world, but this one; not God, but man; not heaven, but a good earth.

Well—the hardest battle in religion is going to be fought out on this line. The humanist is no atheist; not, at least, *this* humanist. And his position inside the church and the university will guarantee him a hearing. If the best defense is a strong attack, then here is a mighty defense of the humanistic position.

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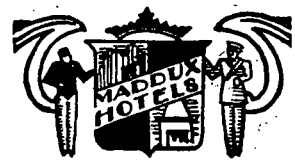

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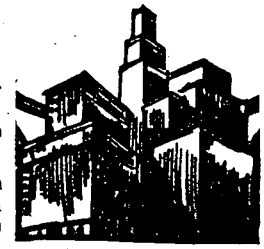

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for her parents. The tradition of teaching is in the family. Already her sister has followed the example of an aunt, taking a rural school as soon as she could get it and eking out a meager living in work for which she has had insufficient training. All agree that this second daughter should have a better start, but no one knows how she is to get it. She is a lonely child, industrious but not very strong. She sits and dreams in the forlorn little shack. Outside the fence has fallen down and the farm animals wander at will over the bare yard. Two creeks lie between her and the road that is too bad to travel in winter, and beyond the road loom the mountains, very dark and very high, behind which the sun goes down too early.

In these large families, the death of the father often places responsibilities upon very young shoulders. The oldest of six children was given a highschool education so that she could assume financial responsibility for the family. Her father had left nothing but the small home and very early this girl was burdened by the needs of all the younger children. She wanted to be a rural teacher, after receiving college training. She was reported as a leader and the school principal called her his right-hand man. In highschool she won many honors and held many offices. The Alliance, recognizing the girl's capacity and the contribution which she was well fitted to make to rural life, had worked out plans which would have permitted her to secure the college training. But the girl's passionate concern for her mother and her feeling of being officially responsible for the family made it impossible for her to contemplate the long years of work and study during which she could contribute nothing to the family. Suddenly she changed all her plans for becoming a teacher and entered a hospital training school because it was free. Since there is little professional nursing in the country, she is probably lost to the very districts she is so strikingly capable of serving as a community leader. Her informal letters give a picture of the girl and tell her story better than anyone else could hope to do. She writes to the offices of the Southern Woman's Educational Alliance:

Of course, this isn't what I've always craved to do, but I could not, under any suitable circumstances, see my way to that. I'll have many chances as great, though, if I can meet some expenses after I graduate. While I'm here in training I'm being well taken care of with no expense except wearing apparel (that seems really hard now), and after four months I'll make enough to keep me all right ($15.00 per month). Whereas, if I were in college I'd be having just numbers of large expenses and all borrowed. When I finished I'd be of no use to mother, who needs my help, and would be way in debt, even though I worked my way through (that would be partially). I lost lots of sleep thinking of what to do.

IT is easy to imagine her losing sleep when she should have been frolicking through highschool graduation, worrying over being the head of a family of seven. She was not too happy in the new choice, but she stuck it out at the hospital. A letter some months later continued:

It's true financial circumstances forced me to decide on this profession, I'll have to admit. I considered every profession I could take up almost from every standpoint and this had to be my choice. Even at this I find it very hard to make out and manage to dress. The fact is I can't buy anything. I've made it thus far on old made-over clothes, but it's right discouraging at times. The little check we'll get now that we've received our caps will pay for books and the little necessities. *I'll make out some way though!* I can't ever feel that I'm nicely dressed any more, and I don't have so much fun either. I don't crave a good time now as a general thing—all I crave is success. I guess I'm a different type of girl from all the others—I'll never be like the modern wild and worldly girl. I mean the few that are like that, but the modern generation is judged by the few. I've seen so much hard time in my life that I'll always see a serious side to everything.

As a little girl, even, I had high hopes for the future and so did Father. He always said he wanted to make something grand of me. He saved money for the education of his children too, but just think, that hard-earned and saved money had to go for bare necessities for the family. . . . Guess you think I'm in a peculiar mood tonight, and I am awfully confidential, but I feel that you're a friend to me. I have been sick since Tuesday and off duty, so

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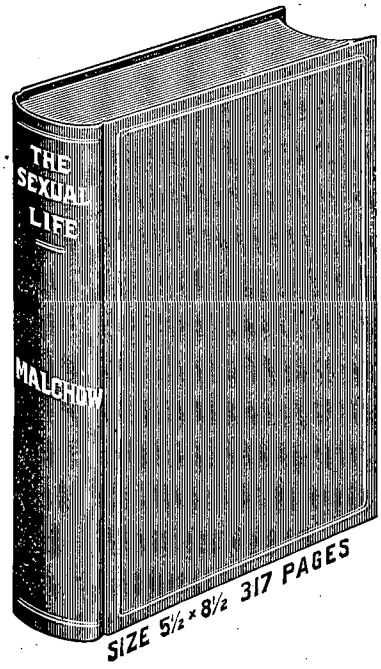

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I've done a lot of brooding, I guess, and just had to tell someone. . . . I do get so homesick, and especially when I've been sick too. I feel like if I could get home right now it would do me more good than anything else could. Mother and all the children have been sick for a long time, but are better now.

It is such girls that the Southern Woman's Educational Alliance aims to help. Its advisory service is spreading out through the rural districts, while the program of guidance which it develops may be applied by other organizations as well. The present year will see the release of at least four of the six studies made by the Alliance on the problems of the country girl, and the others will follow soon. Many agencies are cooperating to make life a richer thing in the country districts. Ellen Glasgow's Barren Ground need no longer be a representative picture. Good roads, labor-saving devices, the radio, the cheap car, electricity on the farm—these are some of the things which are making over the rural areas. Once a gracious life was possible on farm and plantation; it should be so again. If it should become so, the Southern Woman's Educational Alliance will have been a potent factor in the restoration of the values of life for the country girl; it will have operated in large part through that great red schoolhouse that rises sometimes incredibly in the midst of bare fields, beside the white ribbon of a road and the blue buses waiting to take the children home.

COLUMBUS WAS RIGHT

(*Continued from page* 226)

round up pinkish water buffaloes; houses on stilts; elephants strolling casually about; gay temples apparently built of broken dishes; a visit to the King's palace with no more ceremony than is involved in dropping in at Macy's. Perhaps it was well that there was no interpreter. I might have felt like asking sociological questions and it's hard to be sociological when calling on the King's sacred white elephant. He (the elephant) was disillusioning. He was not white and he looked profane. I wish I had skipped him.

Java and Singapore have been all that grammar-school geographies promised me. They are "hot and showery, fruit and flowery." That jingle of the six-year-olds has haunted me and I can not remember the next lines. Bereft of students, I talked to anyone who could and would talk back. That method makes for a colorful store of misinformation. One man outlined the history of Dutch-Malay attitudes, while escorting me to a wild animal shop where he bought a tiger. My favorite nightmare for months will feature the boa constrictor I found in a hogshead. One man explained the process of refining rubber. Another took me to the jungle to see more monkeys than I have ever seen before in my life. How do travelers presume to write serious books of the Java as I Interpret It sort? The only tropical sight I can swear I understood was the boa constrictor. The behaviorists should have done something for me at a pre-school age to temper my fear of boa constrictors.

APPROACHING INDIA

A confidential ballad shall be sung
(The tropics sort of loosen up the tongue).

An Englishman with accent bland
Sat down beside me yesterday;
His opening sentence, right away,
Was, "Do you wear a flannel band?"

I looked a little pained and hurt—
It seemed a trifle intimate—
He thought I hadn't one, and straight
He offered me a flannel shirt.

He has a quick, appraising mind:
"You're not so large—just large enough;
The sleeve will do—cut off the cuff";
Now was he fresh or was he kind?

Red Sea via Indian Ocean

ALL one's senses, working continuously, cannot take in the fractional part of India that presents itself on a brief visit. A life-long interest in India and much preliminary reading are no adequate preparation for a babel of tongues, a confusion

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of faiths, a mixture of races, a Gandhi, a viceroy, a Taj Mahal, and a depleting climate. Social work as a valid educational force seems powerless in this tangle. All the difficult relationships of the Western World are as nothing when compared to the barriers of caste. Our students from India have given us no inkling of the magnitude of their problems. Perhaps they realized the hopelessness of making us understand. In China the foreigner knows that he does not understand the culture, the social philosophy, and the resultant program for social welfare. But he feels sure that the Chinese do understand. In India the foreign visitor wonders who can ever understand. All appreciation and power to students undertaking social work in India. The student whose official title is Life Member of the Social Service League of Bombay must have realized that no briefer tenure would suffice. And with this assignment-for-life he finds time to participate in the plans of All-India Conferences, to teach social work to a group of volunteer supervisors in the Criminal Tribes Settlements and to give a third of his time to the Children's Aid Society. That familiar name has taken on dramatic meaning for me since I have seen the children of India.

Ceylon was filled with pleasing prospects and vileness was not visible. But we did sing Greenland's Icy Mountains at church on Sunday. It's a smug hymn when sung at home. It's almost beyond limits of decency when sung at Ceylon's front door. After equatorial heat, the mountains with their clear, cool atmosphere were glorious. Countless villages to roll through: friendly, well-fed children waving and, alas, yelling, "Lady, lady, money, money"; elephants pulling steam rollers; elephants pulling plows in rice paddies; elephants bathing in rivers (two of my ambitions achieved on this trip—enough elephants and enough caviar). We were not lucky enough to see a devil dance in Ceylon. I don't know whether the performers were on vacations or the natives were temporarily well and not in need of these spirit-exorcising dances.

As a tropical interlude, Ceylon served to intensify the barren face of India. On the long railway journey north from Bombay, it became necessary to dramatise the diverting aspects, to keep the stark tragedy of this land below the surface. When your "bearer" on the train answers to Pancake, phonetic for his rendition; when the bottled water gives out, with the thermometer 108°, and you drink tepid tea and brush your teeth with beer; when you barter with fortune tellers ("Tell you the truth memsahib; tell you all the truth for one more rupee"); when you pluck lizards from your headboard in Delhi's best hotel, and dodge nimbly around a sacred cow in Bombay's business section you forget for the moment the tension that remains the outstanding feature of the weeks in India. On the positive side stand the glory of the Taj and the heartening cordiality of the students.

A long stretch of sea was becoming a necessity. Stirring experiences tumble over one another in a fairy story. In the real life of a job in social work the "sea stretches" are long and frequent. I begin to see why.

Something sociological has happened to the passengers. We have become a community. Out of this series of common experiences we have found something. Some of us may not know what it is. Some of us may not know we have it. But there is an international imagination aboard that did not get on at New York, and it is born of something less obvious than the number of visas on our passports.

"I'D WALK A MILE FOR A ——"

The merest tyro
Loves his Cairo.

Ride a camel—never mind
Even if you ache behind;
Just sit tight, enjoy the view—
Maybe Pharaoh ached there, too!

The merest tyro
Loves his Cairo.

Cairo to Italy

EGYPT in April is undeniably hot, but after weeks of tropical practice one learns to combine siestas, baths, and sketchy garb in a pattern that scorns heat. Such a lot of oceans as I've bathed in. They look and feel different even in tub portions. The most erudite of our passengers just stopped me on deck to ask what meant most to me (*Continued on page* 249)

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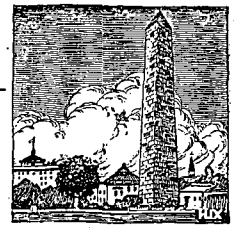

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(*Continued from page* 247) in Egypt. Why is one driven to facetiousness at moments like that? The glory of ancient Egypt has moved me tremendously. And I told that man that I was taking home a useful device in the shape of a gesture. When an Arab wishes to indicate that a discussion or bargain must end, he wiggles a certain finger in a certain way. I know how to wiggle that finger. What's more, I shall try it out at my next three-hour conference.

THE CUSTOM-ARY MOTHER GOOSE

Baa, baa, black sheep, have you any junk?
Yes, sir, four bags and one big trunk;
Fun for the customs, less fun for me—
When they see the presents for the whole family.

Sing a song of sixpence, a pocket full of air,
Money that I started with is no longer there;
When the customs call for cash, then I'll spring a joke:
Won't it be a funny thing to tell them that I'm broke?

One day out from New York

COLUMBUS was right. It *is* round. Checking up on that point through the use of source material is the perfect program for a leave of absence. But the explorers, from Columbus to Byrd, have not had the joy of being welcomed all along the way by their ex-students. The students have supplied that elusive ingredient of reality to my philosophy of international progress. And, there *is* such a phenomenon as a rested social worker!

THE WEEK-END SCHOOL

(*Continued from page* 231)

genius of the whole Tulare Adult Week-End School program.

The parents' forum was something new even for the Adult Week-End School. In California the State Department of Education has as one of its constituent parts a division of parental education. This is in charge of a physician of wide social experience, Dr. Herbert Stolz. Out of the hundreds of specific juvenile problems coming under his observation, and with which he and his co-workers had dealt more or less successfully, Dr. Stolz selected six which he felt were of general interest and application. Each week the brief history of one of these problem children, with name and place disguised, was published in the Tulare papers. This case then furnished the basis for discussion on the following Friday night. Those attending the parents' forum gave their ideas on the successful way to handle such a problem. After sufficient discussion to bring out the opinions of the group, the solution of the state department of education was stated. Thus practical experience, with its inherent limitations, was checked against professional experience and scientific knowledge.

Nothing shows more plainly the cumulative effect of the adult school upon the attitudes of the Tulare community than the selection of the leader of the group which was to consider great epochs in our country's history. The topic itself grew out of a conference between the local school authorities, a representative of the California Association for Adult Education, and a committee from the local post of the American Legion. It was at the suggestion of the latter group that a professor of modern history from a neighboring college, who was already scheduled to lead another group, was asked to lead this one despite the fact that he has the local reputation of holding quite unorthodox views in the fields of economics and history. An idea of the six discussions of this group may be gained by the title of the first one: What were the real causes of the Revolutionary War? Was King George III really a tyrant? If the Adult Week-End School has accomplished nothing more in the Tulare community than to bring one American Legion Post to the point where it is willing to sponsor a history course in which no attempt was made to glorify everything ever done by American arms or to defend as just and right all policies of the national government, it has been well worth while. May more communities cooperate in the education of their Legion posts!

In past years the six general sessions have had no continuous theme. The speakers have been men and women of state-wide or national reputation. Each one was free to bring to his audience the subject uppermost in his mind. This year an effort

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was made to link all the addresses of the general sessions with the inclusive title: The Changing American Civilization. In developing this general subject there were discussed changing concepts in the field of business; new ideals in education; the impact of industrial changes upon democratic institutions; social changes upon democratic institutions; social changes produced by or incident to a machine age. While no attempt was made to dictate to a speaker what he should say, he understood that his address was to tie into the general theme.

Three yearly sessions of this remarkable school have come and gone. What has been accomplished? If one looks for a great improvement in the technique of handling discussion groups, one is apt to be disappointed. If one looks for the development of a large number of local leaders of discussion groups, one is apt again to be disappointed. But certain things have been done. It has certainly been proven that several hundred people of a typical American community can be brought together with a minimum of emphasis upon entertainment. Some pioneering has been done in the field of educational procedure as, for instance, the course in the 1929 School which I described in Survey Graphic for February, 1930. Still further, the adult school has very evidently gotten into the consciousness of the community. It is not just accepted as a good thing but the business men are proud of it, will work for it, will support it financially and, best of all, will attend it. Finally, the greatest thing it has accomplished, in the judgment of the writer who has been connected with it from its inception, has been the creation of an attitude in one American community that will forever make the present generation of that community impatient and resentful of the old type of public lecture at which one was supposed to listen respectfully and applaud politely no matter how deeply one's intelligence has been offended. Here is real gain.

FIVE LITTLE EXPERIMENTS

(*Continued from page 223*)

hardened. I remember my own reply to one mother who came to me waving her daughter's report accusingly. "You have written 'Careless' on Amy's report for three months in succession," she wailed. "If you've recognized the trouble all these months, why haven't you done anything about it yet?"

"Haven't you ever noticed that Amy is careless?"

"Mercy yes! She drives me crazy at home."

"And you have known Amy for fifteen years and haven't done anything about it yet!"

It is so easy to find faults and so hard to do anything about them, that we must recognize signal courage in these progressive-school parents who voluntarily assumed the more difficult role. Perhaps the enthusiasm with which some of them assumed it was born of a critic's ignorance of the difficulty of the task he has assailed. Some of them have crumpled under it already. Some have backed out of the position of responsibility that parents assumed at the start of many progressive schools, frightened or wearied into admitting that they did not know enough about education of children to run a school. Such parents have turned their adventure over to trained educators and retired once more to the critic's row.

But others, sorely puzzled by the failure of golden theories to solve all their problems, have stuck to their guns. It was to such a group that Mary and her husband belonged. The Boulder Brook parents called in the visiting expert to assist rather than supplant them. He looked at the school. He met the teachers. He heard the accumulated complaints of the parents, and he dispassionately branded it as a very average progressive school.

"I've seen better, of course, but—well, I've seen far worse."

Having allayed their panic by waving away a flock of trivial criticisms, he proceeded to point out several sources of trouble.

As sponsors of a truly progressive school, they had abolished all formal classroom procedure. Spontaneity, initiative, and creative impulse should be smothered no longer. But having cleared the way for spontaneity, initiative, and creative impulse, what were the parents of the children looking for? These things, certainly, but, no less, skill in reading, writing, and arithmetic to match that of the benighted children still incarcerated in formal schools. The expert suggested that while they might profitably continue freer classroom procedure in the

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pursuit of self-expression and creative arts, they should furnish an atmosphere of concentration and discipline for the pursuit of controls and techniques such as writing and spelling. It was all very well to expect of the new freedom new results, but unfair to ask also for the old results in the same measure as under the old method.

Another thing that parents were prone to overlook was the far heavier demand on teaching ability which the new school makes. The finest teachers in all ages have used, as individuals, such methods as are now prescribed for all teachers in progressive schools. It requires far greater vision, imagination, and vitality to lead a class to accomplishment in the new atmosphere of freedom, than was required of the teacher with the old system of thumb-rule, marks, texts, and discipline to uphold her. Yet the parent board of the school had not faced the need of paying for the superior teachers demanded by the system they had adopted. It is easier to visualize the "new school" in terms of playgrounds, elaborately equipped workshops, stages for dramatic productions, colorful classrooms, than in terms of mature and able teachers. People raise money to build a model school and expect it to remain a model school with a mediocre staff.

The visiting expert withdrew, leaving the parents hopefully in control of their very average progressive school. Bravely they faced two concrete suggestions: one was to raise more money for salaries. One was to retreat from an extreme position on class procedure and discipline. Neither raising money nor retreat is easy. Even when both are accomplished, there will be criticisms from parents to be met by the parent board of trustees and the headmaster they employ and support with an enthusiasm which comes from sharing his problems. But inasmuch as the measure of devotion to their children's education is this new participation in the shaping of it, rather than the old alternation of indifference and abuse, they will succeed in overcoming one after another of the inevitable difficulties.

With each new child that comes into this or any school, comes in a new series of problems, a new challenge to the school, new opportunities for parental criticism, vital or trivial as the case may be. The fact that this is true of the new schools as it was of the old, need not alarm the board of trustees or make it feel that progressive methods are all wrong.

IT is simply that progressive methods cannot do all things for all children any more than the older methods could. The sponsors of the new schools did not deny that the old schools accomplished certain valuable things for a certain type of child. But the parents of children who were not particularly successful or happy at school felt, of course, that it was the school's fault. Some of this criticism was nothing more than an attempt to shift the burden of their own failure. It was definitely of the kind that the visiting experts advised the parents' committee of Boulder Brook to disregard. But in many cases the difficulties of certain children in schools of the formal type pointed the way to helpful consideration of practices too long allowed to drag on unchallenged.

One child "never could learn lists of dates." Why or how should dates be learned? One child "never could sit still." Why or when should he be made to? One child drew pictures of wigwams and canoes on the pages of his Hiawatha. Was he thereby showing more or less attention than the boy who kept his eye on the text during the reading lesson and kept his pages clean?

The progressive school is shaping its method largely on the basis of the type of children less adjusted to the formal school. It has set as its goal the cultivation of the very qualities neglected and repressed by the older type of education. But it finds itself, like all schools, handling many types of children. And it is called on to produce results which combine the old mastery of information and the so-called "rudiments," with the development of arts, crafts, and abilities which were once airily dismissed as "fads and fancies." To meet this challenge it need not be ashamed to conserve methods that have been proved, as well as to develop new means to new ends.

It is not in the most extreme of the new schools that progressive education is making its best contribution. It is often where the fine schools of the more formal type have unbent the purely academic curriculum and brought in the method of learning by doing. Then the (*Continued on page 253*)

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(*Continued from page* 251) strength gained in years of fine leadership and loyalty to high standards is given new channels to expression and creation, by the resources of the progressive methods. On the other hand there are outstanding progressive schools that have built on the rocks of wisdom and restraint rather than on the shifting sands of mere spectacular innovation. Such schools take into account the different types of children that are to be handled, as those schools did not which held fast to routine procedure, as the extreme of the new schools do not—but as all the best schools, new or old must do.

Welles will always need to gain the joy of accomplishment first through concrete activities. Ideas will find their way into his shy and doubting brain through his deft little hands. A school that gives him only the blind puzzle of copybooks and readers and mathematical hieroglyphics will defeat and discourage him. There need be no such schools.

Babs may need to be spurred to effort and schooled to self-discipline. She will need hurdles to leap and races to run and must not be left to dawdle sociably in the name of freedom. A school that allows her to dodge away from real training in these important years and leaves her an amiable dabbler, will waste her powers. There need be no such schools.

Mary Second will always need an outlet for her overflowing initiative and vitality. A school which makes her mark time over set tasks to wait for the inhibited and the lazy, will leave her bored and rebellious. There need be no such schools.

Sally, ambitious to acquire new skills, must have the support of order and method and a sense of standards.

It is not too much to ask of the new schools that in the course of encouraging initiative and imagination and the co-operative mind, they train the children to take such things as college examinations in their stride. Granted that some of them may not need college or college examinations; most of them will need the power to meet tests (even arbitrary ones), to attack problems, to muster accurate information in response to given calls, to organize and express thought. If the new schools do not evade these phases of their responsibility and if they can command such teachers as can handle the difficult but thrilling tasks imposed thereby, they will truly have taken education forward and not merely onto a side-track as some of them seem to do.

Spontaneity and joy in action are fine fruits of education, but tools are needed to make them effective. And youth is the time for forging those tools. Then let the new schools, built to conserve spontaneity and joy, be also the smithy for the forging of their tools. Let the fire in the forge be red hot, and the steel in the anvil hard, and let the hand that wields the hammer have both strength and skill.

FITTING LAW TO LIFE

(*Continued from page* 230)

Then, there is or rather, there is about to be the building which will house this infant project. The new building, the gift of an anonymous donor, will be located on the Hopkins campus and will be planned to harmonize with the existing group of buildings. Library, offices, workrooms and statistical laboratories, all designed with reference to their utility, will be provided.

So much for the setting. One wonders where and how these "founders" will take hold of their problem. How does one go about studying "the operation and effects of law in all its relations to human life"? Three major activities have been adopted. They are "scientific analysis both of the basic functions of law and of its deficiencies in performing those functions"; "the training of high grade personnel; and scientific research looking definitely toward analysis of areas of major maladjustment, toward stimulation of the flow of scientific data, toward greater integration of law with the other social sciences, and toward the improvement and greater utilization of scientific method."

The very practical nature of the program is indicated by the mention of some of the projects now under way. The effect of law upon the operation of instalment buying; commercial international law, (*Continued on page* 256)

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(*Continued from page* 253) including trade discriminations; and the cause of delay in litigation, are some topics now being studied. Scientific thoroughness will characterize every piece of research. A comprehensive study of judicial administration in Ohio is being undertaken under the auspices of the Judicial Council of Ohio and with the cooperation of the Ohio State Bar Association. The state has appropriated funds to assist in the work. At the request of the governor and Judicial Council of Maryland, a similar study of the judicial system of that state will soon be under way. Immediate activities in connection with the Ohio project into two categories: those relating to formulating a detailed plan for the whole study, and for developing the organization to carry it out; those relating to certain specific research tasks which are scheduled for accomplishment during the present year.

ONE of the latter is an analysis of all civil cases, except divorces, arising in the Common Pleas Courts of Ohio from January 1 to December 31, 1930. An initial step is the preparation of data cards to be filled in by the clerks of court in the various counties. The determination of what data can reasonably be expected of clerks and the most efficient procedure for recording it, are important preliminary considerations. Experimental record sheets have been devised which will be used throughout the state during the year. Through the use of tabulating machines the data can be classified and summarized, and at the end of the year the Law Institute will have at hand for interpretation a mass of valuable objective data, the first of its kind ever to be collected. It is hoped that it will be possible as a result of this piece of research, not only to derive conclusions concerning the common pleas cases in Ohio, but also to demonstrate a form of statistical record-keeping which might be followed advantageously in other states. Other specific pieces of research in connection with the Ohio survey are an analysis of litigation in the appellate courts of the state and a study of the work of the municipal courts of Ohio.

These represent initial projects in the study of judicial administration in Ohio, but the entire Ohio survey is but a part of the comprehensive study of litigation which is now being outlined at the Law Institute. The Ohio study will show the extent of delay in litigation. But the problem is also being attacked from another angle to show why delay occurs. This information cannot be obtained from the court records. The life history of individual cases must be gotten directly from the lawyers' offices. Detailed questionnaires, covering a large number of questions, will be sent to the lawyers. Facts relating to thousands of pieces of litigation will be sought. As a final result it should be possible to show definitely why litigation is slow and how it could be speeded up. The best legal minds are now at variance on this subject. Facts, not opinions, are necessary before a remedy can be applied.

Numerous other problems await the attention of the Institute. One of widespread concern is the study of attempts to have a regular mode of conciliation to avoid litigation in small-claims courts. How many of the trials in these courts could be avoided altogether if there were proper machinery for conciliation? Perhaps a large number. More definite information concerning courts of conciliation already in operation would prove of practical value as a guide for future procedure.

The urgent need for the scientific study of law in its entirety and in its various ramifications awakens surprise that such an institute has not previously come into being. Surely humanity struggling under an unwieldy and increasing burden of largely irrational legislation will bid godspeed to this new enterprise. It may have been all right for the Medes and Persians to have a law "which altereth not," but how about the United States? If the law of the former did not alter, neither did their daily customs; but in this country where we ride through the mud in an ox-cart in one century and through the clouds in an airplane the next, we find strange misfits on our hands when we attempt to hold to the law of our fathers.

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